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The Bystander, March 8, 1916.—No. 640. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

TAKING COVER

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

A Momentous Week

THE past week has been one of great happenings—Verdun, the fate of which, as I write, still lies upon the knees of the Gods; the splendid achievements of the Russians in Armenia, which are giving the Turk furiously to think; and the frantic and futile efforts of Count Bernstorff's hirelings in America to undermine the authority of the President, to say nothing of that smart little affair (little by comparison with the mighty conflict which has been raging round Verdun) which has ended in the recapture by our troops of the "International" Trench. Truly a momentous week, and one which, on the whole, has not gone unfavourably for the Allied cause

"VERDUN FOR"

Sour Grapes

NOTHING makes me more tired than the assertion which some armchair strategists are so fond of making that it is better, from our point of view, for America to be out of the war than in it. It is redolent of sour grapes. Knowing that America won't fight if she possibly can help it, they try to argue themselves into the belief that it would be no good if she did. The Germans know better.

A Dispensable Luxury

WHY is a politician like a slow watch? Because he's always wrong. And why is a slow watch like a politician? Because it's a ——nuisance. For years before the war and for the very months of the war itself politicians have told us that conscription in this country would be merely another way of spelling revolution. Conscription has come at last, and public fury is directed against—those who are escaping it! What fools these politicians be! But the serious thing is that, while in peace-time the nation may suffer fools gladly, in war-time they are one of those luxuries we could very well do without.

The Verb "To Shirk"

FOR example, the fiddling, fuddling, footling, fumbling methods of that particular set of politicians which comprises the Government are responsible for all the holes in the conscription net and for all the bickering, the injustice, the waste, and the loss of time, temper, and dignity which they are causing. May I present to you, in this connection, the verb "To Shirk"? It is irregular—very.

Present Tense

I am starred.
Thou art exempted.
He is reserved.
We are in munition works.
You prune peaches.
They have got conscientious objections.

Past Tense

I said I wouldn't go till I was pushed.
Thou had'st varicose veins.
He got another man's job.
We knew the war would end next month.
You were becoming a father.
They were waiting for commissions.

Imperative

Unstar.
Come out of that, damn you.
Get.
That's not essential.
Ye must lump it.
Biff.

Future Tense

I've got it in the neck.
Thou hast cold feet.
He's bagged.
We'll soon be in the Army.
Your number's up, my boy.

Conditional Mood (Plu-Political)

I shall wait and see.
Thou rememberest our principles.
He is a Trade Unionist.
We have our votes to think about.
You draw your salary and want to continue drawing it, don't you?
They can go in reserved occupations.

Blown!

THE Turkey Trot in Asia, continues. The pace of it takes one's breath away. If it goes on at its present rate the Turk will have no breath with which to dance to any of the new tunes that rumour is busy preparing.

(*Continued on page 419*)

Precept and Performance—

—or, the Preachers and their Pulpit

REV. A. BALFOUR: "Th'rift, de-ar friends, Th'rift!! Before ev-er-ything Th'rift!!"

REV. REGINALD McKENNA: "Oh-h, my de-ar brethren!! Economy, rigid Economy—that should be our watch-wor-d"

REV. H. H. ASQUITH: "And let us above a-all things, dear friends, hear no ribald, irreverent suggestions—in the nature of ill-timed repartee—as to the hard-earned stipends of the Preacher!!!"

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This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page 418*)

A Hoarse Cry for Economy

I WAS not affected by the wave of acute distress and profound sympathy which swept through all classes at the news, last week, that Mr. Asquith was suffering from slight hoarseness. I remember as a boy positively encouraging a faint tickling in the throat one Sunday morning in the hope that it would develop into sufficiently perceptible huskiness to get me out of going to church. In church, in the grand old family pew of the Bystanders, it was my portion to have to set an example to the youth of the village by contributing of my pocket-money to the plate. Hoarseness saved me tuppence on that particular Sunday; I don't know how much it saved the Prime Minister last week. It prevented him leading the great economy stunt at the Guildhall, and how else could he have led it than by putting some of that salary back into the national plate by way of example? How else can he?

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

With Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd at the recent opening ceremony, over which her Royal Highness presided, of the Church Army Soldiers' Club and Rest in the Marylebone Road

"CARMEN SYLVA"

The Dowager Queen of Rumania, whose death at the age of seventy-three, occurred at Bucharest on Thursday last. Although of German origin, a fact which is said latterly to have impaired her popularity with her people, to whose welfare she was whole-heartedly devoted, she belonged in reality to the kingdom of literature, in which as the gifted poetess and writer, "Carmen Sylva," she was known throughout the civilised world

⁂ ⁂

"I Draw My Salary——"

As a boy I might have lectured the youth of the village on pious charity till I was black in the face. But if I did it with a bull's-eye in each cheek and lolling from one of the spacious balconies of the ancestral home of the Bystanders, no village boy, I think, would have heard me. For me was chosen by my parents the sterner way of setting an example in public. I was known to be drawing a princely pocket-money, and the way in which I stumped up from it every Sabbath got many a penny from my grosser companions. That is why I shed no tears over the Premier's hoarseness. He draws his salary and intends to go on drawing it, and so do the other Ministers, and so do the M.P.'s, and so—as long as they go on talking like that about it—will the British Public. That is the economy campaign in a nutshell.

The Verdun Tangle

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

THE irrepressible Kaiser has served up another surprise to friends and foes—Verdun. In a strategic sense "Verdun" stands for the great crossroads on the Meuse, between Nancy and Sedan along the right bank and between Metz and Reims astride the river, which meet at the old Vauban fortress. Tactically "Verdun" means the Lorraine Hills looking north and east, and whether the thirty odd forts which encircled the town before the war are of any value to-day depends on the improvements recently effected.

⁂ ⁂

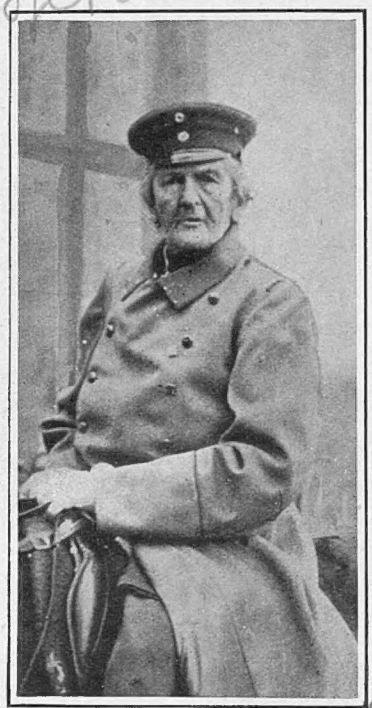
WHEN the tide of invasion swept southward through the Argonne and the Woevre in September, 1914, the Verdun region was left high and dry; it proved to be the only French breakwater; and since then its garrison has treated the enemy's enterprises as "an enormous bluff"—to use General Sarrail's own expression. But Verdun was taken in 1792, and again in 1870, and the superstitious will think of "the doctrine of three." No doubt the place could have been wrested from the French at any time at a price, but the wonder is that the Germans should have chosen the present moment as the time to pay it.

⁂ ⁂

THERE was high debate, we are told, at Main Headquarters, where the Crown Prince and Haeseler were opposed by Mackensen and Hindenburg. The War Lord, however, gave the casting vote in favour of his son's proposal. Gossip now says that Haeseler was first made responsible for the operations, that he was superseded by Mackensen, and that the Crown Prince then quitted the scene. But how do these things get into the newspapers? Certainly the French under General Pétain—who is not too old at sixty to give his men a strong lead in battle — ought to have the best of the fighting against any reasonable odds, for they know the *terrain*, and have had a year's target practice with tons of shells; and yet one never knows what may happen in such a country. For instance, how was it that the Boches were able to advance through the Woevre and capture Saint Mihiel, on the Meuse, actually breaking through the chain of forts midway between Verdun and Toul? That has always been a poser to the *cognoscenti*.

⁂ ⁂

THERE the Germans have remained for a year and a half with the French in rear of them at Pont à Mousson, and this advanced-post will protect the enemy's left as his hold on Varennes, in the Argonne, would cover his right, if he should drive the French westward and seize the line of the Meuse.



"THE DEVIL OF METZ"

General Von Haeseler, who is said to have the control of the German operations against Verdun. He is eighty years of age, and until his seventy-fifth birthday commanded the Metz Army Corps. The Germans believe the French have a superstitious fear of Von Haeseler, who is always referred to as the "Devil of Metz." He entered the Army as far back as 1853—seventeen years before the Franco-Prussian War

⁂ ⁂

IN regard to the Battle of Verdun, the same curious blunders about the effective strength of armies are being perpetrated as in the early days of the war. The French tell us that the enemy is employing "seven corps, or 280,000 men," but in fact seven corps would yield hardly half that number of "bayonets," and, therefore, one does not see how the German casualties can amount to 150,000, as is freely alleged.

⁂ ⁂

IF the French should retreat across the Meuse they will doubtless be severely mauled—already many guns and machine-guns are lost—and, therefore, one would expect them to retire on the fortress of Toul, though the enemy's hold on the Toul route at S. Mihiel is a grave difficulty. However, we have no reason to suppose that our Ally cannot maintain the Verdun fortress area if General Pétain is reinforced in proportion to the enemy, and the stouter the fight the better for us it should be in the long run. For the Germans must attack, and thus bear the burden and heat of the day, while the French should make them pay dearly for every fresh assault. The *Éclair* remarked last week that the enemy was firing 400,000 shells a day—that is at the rate of about 400 rounds per gun on the basis of seven corps in action—but it seems to take a dozen shells to disable one man, and what an opportunity is afforded the French aircraft to bomb the enemy's ammunition "parks" employed in *ravitaillement!*

⁂ ⁂

OF course, if the Allies were ready for the inevitable fight to a finish the present situation might easily be exploited for the purpose. By offering sufficient resistance we should draw another seven corps into the fray, and ultimately the Kaiser must join issue with his main army or let the world know that his New Year enterprise is a failure. A really great commander would contrive to reproduce the situation of 1914 before the armies lost their mobility.

⁂ ⁂

UNLESS the Kaiser has prepared for field operations and desires to anticipate the Allies by taking the initiative, his action in starting the Verdun campaign is inexplicable. On the other hand, the prestige of the Allies would suffer if they permitted fresh inroads into France by so small a force as seven German army corps. And this is what must be prevented at any cost.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *March* 6, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

IF this is a dull and depressing and rather down-in-the-dumps letter, try and forgive me. I've been following the fashion and succumbing to the influenza-y kind of disease, which always seems to catch half London when we think it's spring and it's really winter's second wind. Never saw town so gloomy as it was under this year's first—and last, I do hope—snowstorm. No one, of course, minded that it couldn't be cleared away owing to shortage of labour, but judging by the emptiness of the streets they preferred to endure *this* war-hardship, anyway, at home.

"But I'm better now and sitting up and taking nourishment"

❀ ❀

BUT I'm better now, and sitting up and taking nourishment. Got a hand-glass under the pillow and inquired about my powder-puff, and let people in to tea, and have been promised pancakes for lunch to-morrow 'cos of Lent, and all that sort of thing. And I'm glad to get my letters again, 'specially the ones from the Front, needless to say. And the dragon dog who runs the household knows that, after a dreary waste that must have seemed like centuries to the tiny dog-mind, life's worth living again, 'cos tea to drink and envelopes to chew and strafe around the counterpane in the morning are restored to their proper place in the scheme of things.

❀ ❀

AND to prove I'm "doing well," as they say of more patriotic cases, my engagement book's filling up like a revue on a Saturday night, though, of course, there'll be less than ever actually happening this Lent, which is one of the reasons why they've been pushing along hard with all the charity shows and things this week. There were three or four first-nights, including a new musical play at the Shaftesbury, which, they say, is really quite good and quite a bit above the usual musical comedy standard, and Shrove Tuesday's show at the Coliseum for the Y.M.C.A. recreation huts is going to be great, with Royalties in rows and one of those patent J. M. Barrie secrets in it, which, p'r'aps, owe at least part of their success to their great little author's love of nursery "surprises."

❀ ❀

SOMEONE'S been protesting against what he calls my suggestion that life in England now is really as one sees it at the Savoy and Piccadilly and places. Certainly there's something in what he says. I mean, perhaps the crowds at these amusement shows are not really and truly representative of England in war-time. They're just in the limelight, that's all. And I think it's, perhaps, true to say, as he does, that the gay crowds which frequent them *are* very largely composed either of men soon going there or else of men straight from the Front, who, no doubt, are suffering from nerve-strain and that sort of thing, and who naturally want to let themselves go and have an even more than peace-time beano out of sheer contrast with the drab dreariness, and sometimes ghastliness, of their ordinary wartime life.

❀ ❀

BUT there are others, of course, others whom the smartest revue leaves comparatively cold, and who aren't even aware of the important fact that yet another tea-and-dance-and-supper place was opened last week, and that London's gone fairly dance-mad. These others spend their days and nights not in the regions around Piccadilly

(*Continued on page 422*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 421*)

where ragtime reigns and the chorus girl struts her little hour and khaki pays, but in the ordinary houses where the ordinary people are.

❀ ❀

They don't, perhaps, dress, and they certainly don't dance so well as the Piccadillyites. But they do realise what war means just a little, and they've probably given their men to fight in it. And, of course, they're dreadfully dull—believe me or not, but these are they who can enjoy their dinners in their own quiet dining-rooms quite as much as even in the noisiest of restaurants, where one sees everyone, including the latest co-respondents and the newest spring hats and the most transparent imaginable black silk stockings.

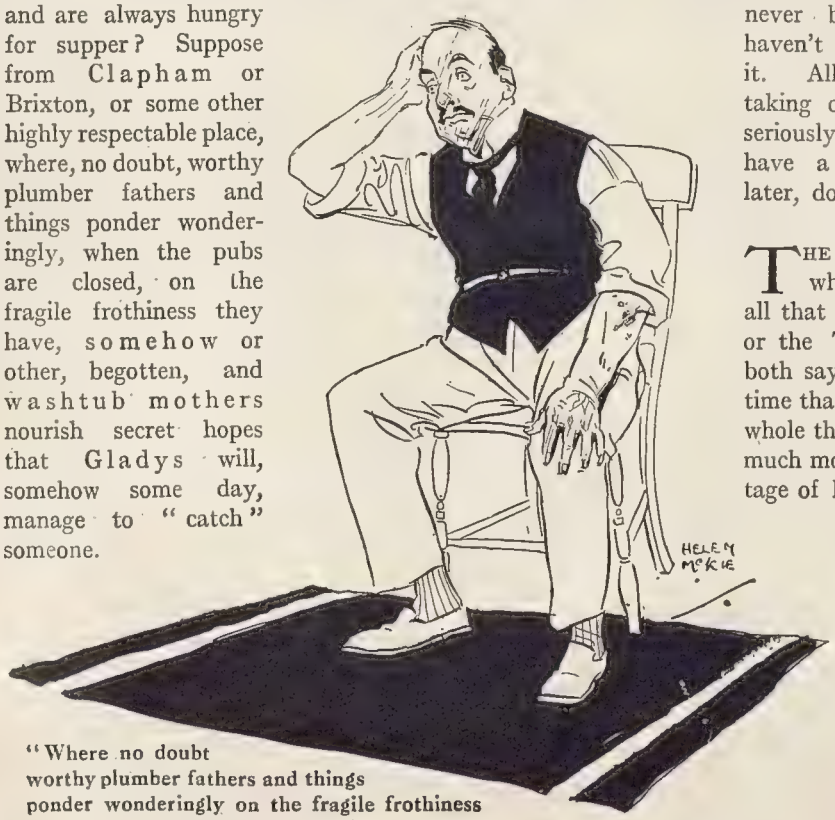
❀ ❀

By the way, I suppose they must *have* homes, and people, and just mere ordinary interests, and just a few of them must even want to read a book just now and then—all that feminine flotsam and jetsam that floats on the sparkling surface of the life of London. You know, the fluffy kind that man loves to play with and pay for, but never, never marries, apparently, 'cos—well, you don't exactly take from a night club the woman who's going to dine *and* breakfast with you for ever, I suppose.

"He says that what Ian Hay says about the A.S.C. is just about the limit in authors' license"

❀ ❀

A mystery, though, isn't it, where they all do come from, all the hundreds and hundreds of fluffy things that crowd the stage of every hall and nearly every theatre, and dance at the dance-clubs and are always hungry for supper? Suppose from Clapham or Brixton, or some other highly respectable place, where, no doubt, worthy plumber fathers and things ponder wonderingly, when the pubs are closed, on the fragile frothiness they have, somehow or other, begotten, and washtub mothers nourish secret hopes that Gladys will, somehow some day, manage to "catch" someone.



"Where no doubt worthy plumber fathers and things ponder wonderingly on the fragile frothiness they have begotten"

There's still a lot of talk about the way we're doing conscription—mostly exemptions and exceptions, seems to me. And, of course, there's always, for refuge, the A.P.D. and the Munitions Office, where, so a wounded officer told me who tried to get a job in one of them, he saw more eligible young men snugly *embusqués* than he'd set eyes on since the war began. Odd idea, isn't it? You'd think those jobs would be handed first and foremost to wounded men who've done their bit and now want to "carry on" as best they can, or, anyway, kept for civilians over age who'd like to fight but can't.

❀ ❀

Apropos, an A.S.C. man writes me from the Front that there are quite a lot of libels on his illustrious corps in Ian Hay's delightful "The First Hundred Thousand," which everyone's reading. He's especially cross with him for saying that the A.S.C. "drive about in motors, pinch the strawberry jam, draw princely incomes, and hold their biggest musters in the cafés recruiting exhausted nature from the strain of dashing about the countryside in motor-cars."

❀ ❀

He says that's just about the limit in authors' license, or words to that effect. "As to dashing about in cars, most of us ride motor-bikes. Our day—officers and men—starts at 5 a.m., and sometimes ends up at about the same time next morning." Skilled and thankless work, he calls it, carried out in cold and mud, and adds "there has never been any undertaking that we haven't performed *well*." I'm sure of it. All the same, isn't he, perhaps, taking our author man just a shade too seriously? Ian Hay, or his characters, have a knock at everyone sooner or later, don't they?

❀ ❀

The controversy still goes on about which deserves most sympathy, and all that sort of thing, the Tempy Officer or the Tempy Tommy. One who's been both says the T.T.'s "have a heap worse time than we do, and awful few luxuries. The whole thing is that an officer can carry so much more kit with him"—the chief advantage of holding a commission, in his view.

❀ ❀

And he ought to know, because he's got lots of Tommy friends out there, he tells me. About once a month they have a "top-hole bust" in his quarters—quantities of canteen tinned crab and apricots consumed (on the same plate, generally). "But I have to keep dark about that, you

(*Continued on page 424*)

Last Week's War-Wedding

LIEUT. D. S. PEPLOE AND HIS BRIDE, *née* LADY DOROTHY BLIGH

The marriage of Lieut. Dan Spencer Peploe 20th Hussars, who has recently returned from the Front, and Lady Dorothy Bligh, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Darnley, took place on February 29 at the Parish Church, Cobham, Kent. A reception was afterwards held at Cobham Hall, Lord Darnley's Country Seat

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 422*)

know because it's not really done to even recognise one's Tommy pals."

⁂ ⁂

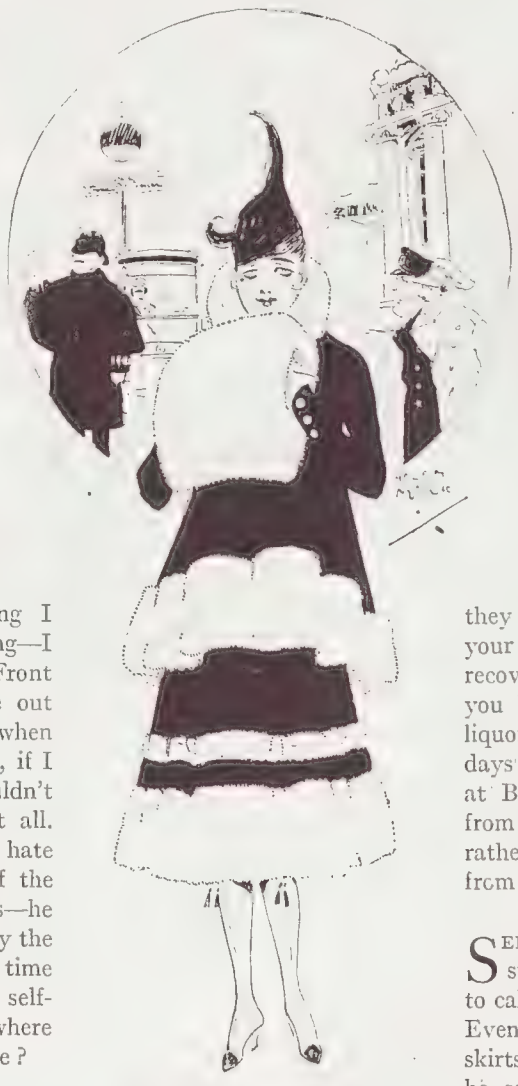
But another, who's also tried both and been to the Front twice, says that while in England it's slightly pleasanter to be an officer, at the Front it's quite the reverse. In England there are a few extra comforts for the officer, certainly, though even they don't make up for the Tommy's delightful freedom from worry or thought of any kind. But at the Front the officer has the same food and the same discomforts, besides the heavy responsibility and—as the casualty lists show—three times as good a chance of being killed.

⁂ ⁂

Well, I've got both sides of the question there, anyway, haven't I? But I'm not sure I care for that really—hearing both sides, I mean. Makes it so difficult to decide, and I do like to plunge for one side *or* the other, and not sit about in a state of philosophic doubt, like Mr. Balfour, who, by the way, must hate being in London now, mustn't he, instead of basking and playing lawn tennis on the Riviera?

⁂ ⁂

Which reminds me, talking of the Army and food, I'm really beginning to consider whether if it's to be a case of all or nothing I shan't have to make it nothing—I mean, so many nice men at the Front and on the sea are inviting me out to lunch or dinner-and-a-revue when they next get leave that, really, if I accepted them all, I simply shouldn't ever see my own little home at all. Besides, the Peke would simply hate it if I lunched out every day of the week until, say, next Christmas—he *does* get so bored waiting just by the crack of the front door all the time I'm out, but, of course, no self-respecting doglet could wait anywhere else his missus's return, could he?



"When we think it's Spring, and it's really Winter's second wind"

⁂ ⁂

But it's awful hard refusing a soldier-man anything, isn't it, and as for the sailor kind—well, they simply won't take refusals, and so there you are. I think I must ruminate on the matter, like the cow does. Only the trouble is that I don't suppose even the smushiest of kine gets invited half so nicely to her fodder as I do to, say, the Carlton.

⁂ ⁂

By the way, one who writes—with invite—from Khartoum says the people there, the Sudanese, have played up like anything. "This is a country run by 'Varsity men—all old Blues—and British officers of the Gyppy army who've been adjutants of their battalions. But, my dear, the peevishness at times is huge! No leave, much hot weather, and only a few allowed away to take part in the strafing. Which is right, I suppose. You must leave men here who know the country and can talk the language. But it's very trying."

⁂ ⁂

He wants to know how the new skirt is getting on. (*Quite* well, thank you, though still dwindling.) "We hear tell of these wonderful inventions, and wonder if we shall get home in time to see some of these war idiosyncracies. We miss a lot being out here, don't we, though one doesn't really want to go home on leave till it's all finished. But I shall want to be told of many things when we have that little din——." Well, perhaps I *will* take him along. You see, this one's doing his bit such a weary way away, isn't he, and if it isn't till after the war too. . . .

⁂ ⁂

It's also from the East, Mesopotamia this time, that a soldier-man writes me that the sand-grouse there "flying backwards and forwards across our camp anywhere along the Tigris banks thick as rooks on an English field, are simply maddening, for few of us have the wherewithal for *that* kind of shooting. Plenty of black partridges, too—a most toothsome morsel. But usually the liquorice or thorn cover they abide in is so thick it tears your puttees and breeches to bits recovering them. By the way, did you know that this is where all the liquorice-powder of our childhood's days came from? An American firm at Basra exports it, and it's taken from the roots of a thin green shrub, rather like young willow shoots, and from 5ft. to 6ft. high."

⁂ ⁂

Seems, by the way, he's very susceptible to what they used to call "feminine charms," this one. Even last time he came home, when skirts weren't a bit exciting, he used, he says, to "stand fascinated in Regent Street or Piccadilly watching all the delightful London girls bolting to catch 'buses and things." How he thinks he'd feel as fashions are at present he illustrates with a drawing of me cutting across the road the while he, spell-bound, is moved on by P.C. 100—"Now, then, move on, young man! Legs ain't no treat to us these days."

⁂ ⁂

Well, here's my——Oh! Help! Why, it's bread and milk! And I *was* feeling like a bird or something 'citing. Makes me seriously reconsider the question of those lunches. . . . I do so *hate* the sort of food that's "good for you," don't you?

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

So Inconsiderate of Him!

BEDRAGGLED TOMMIES (returning from trenches): "Nah, then, where yer comin' to?—Messin' people up with yer mud!"

Raising the Wind

GERMANY'S PUFF PRELIMINARY

It appears that the German Empire is about to try and borrow a further trifle on account. The unfortunate part of the business is that the security offered is one that does not exist, and, as anyone who has tried to borrow on that kind of security knows, you want to be a very smart financier indeed if you expect to be able to clinch the deal before the other man has had time to sit up and take notice.

The overture is now being played by German Agents in neutral countries, who desire to point out the enormous value of the very desirable property Germany has "acquired" in the course of the war. There is, to begin with, the great agricultural wealth of Belgium; and there are the vast resources (whatever they may be) of Serbia and Montenegro. Even if, purely as a matter of expediency, Germany decided to retire from Belgium, it stands to reason that the *Entente* Powers would buy her out at a fair price. They would never be so ungentlemanly as to ask how Germany came to acquire all that wealth. That sort of thing isn't done in good society.

So much, then, for the first asset, which, according to the German Agents, is practically gilt-edged. The second asset, it seems, has been supplied gratuitously to Germany by the short-sighted British Government. This is the idea as stated by a German financier: "By being prevented from drawing supplies from abroad we have saved uncounted millions."

It is not difficult to understand that those millions are uncounted. After all, it cannot be easy to give anything like an accurate total of the money you would have liked to have spent if you had had it. I am only in a small way of finance myself, but I see now that owing to the sad discrepancy between what I have wanted and what I have been able to get I must have saved thousands of pounds without knowing it during the last twenty years. I doubt very much, however, whether I could get an advance from my bankers on the security of that unspent money.

In the first place, you are offered a bond of One Thousand Marks for its nominal equivalent in cash. That is, at par, with interest at the rate of five per centum per annum. It may be said that except for isolated deals in places like Colney Hatch and Hanwell there will be nothing doing. Granted. But, listen here! If you will deposit your M1,000 Bond with the Government and add M500 to it, they will give you in exchange a second Bond of the same value as the first. And if you like to deposit your second Bond of M1,000 under the same conditions, a Third Bond will be issued to you.

Thus you will have received a Thousand-Mark Bond for nothing, which will be, as nearly as can be gauged at the moment, somewhere about its market value at the end of the war. At that time the chief use of the Thousand-Mark Bond will be for wrapping up butter—assuming that the Germans have any butter to wrap up.

Germany needs the money. And as a great Empire cannot very well run the three-card trick or the thimble-rig enterprise on a sufficiently large scale to ensure the necessary takings, she must conduct her bluff the best way she can. Austria and Bulgaria and Turkey are practically sitting on her doorstep waiting for the trifling amounts faithfully promised by Saturday; and you don't like to threaten your old friends with removal by the police.

Besides, Bulgaria and Turkey have still a little salvage from the great wreck which might have a saleable value to the *Entente* Powers; and where the head of the Firm has shown such a fine disregard for honourable dealing, it is not for the mere sleeping partners to pretend to undue righteousness. And, after all, with the Mark at its present value, thirty pieces of silver don't go very far.

It is not surprising to hear that neutral countries are not favourably impressed by the terms of the new loan, liberal as they seem to be—on paper. Therefore Germany will have to go one step further. She will really have to offer to give away a pound of tea with every Bond in order to induce financiers to come early and avoid the rush.

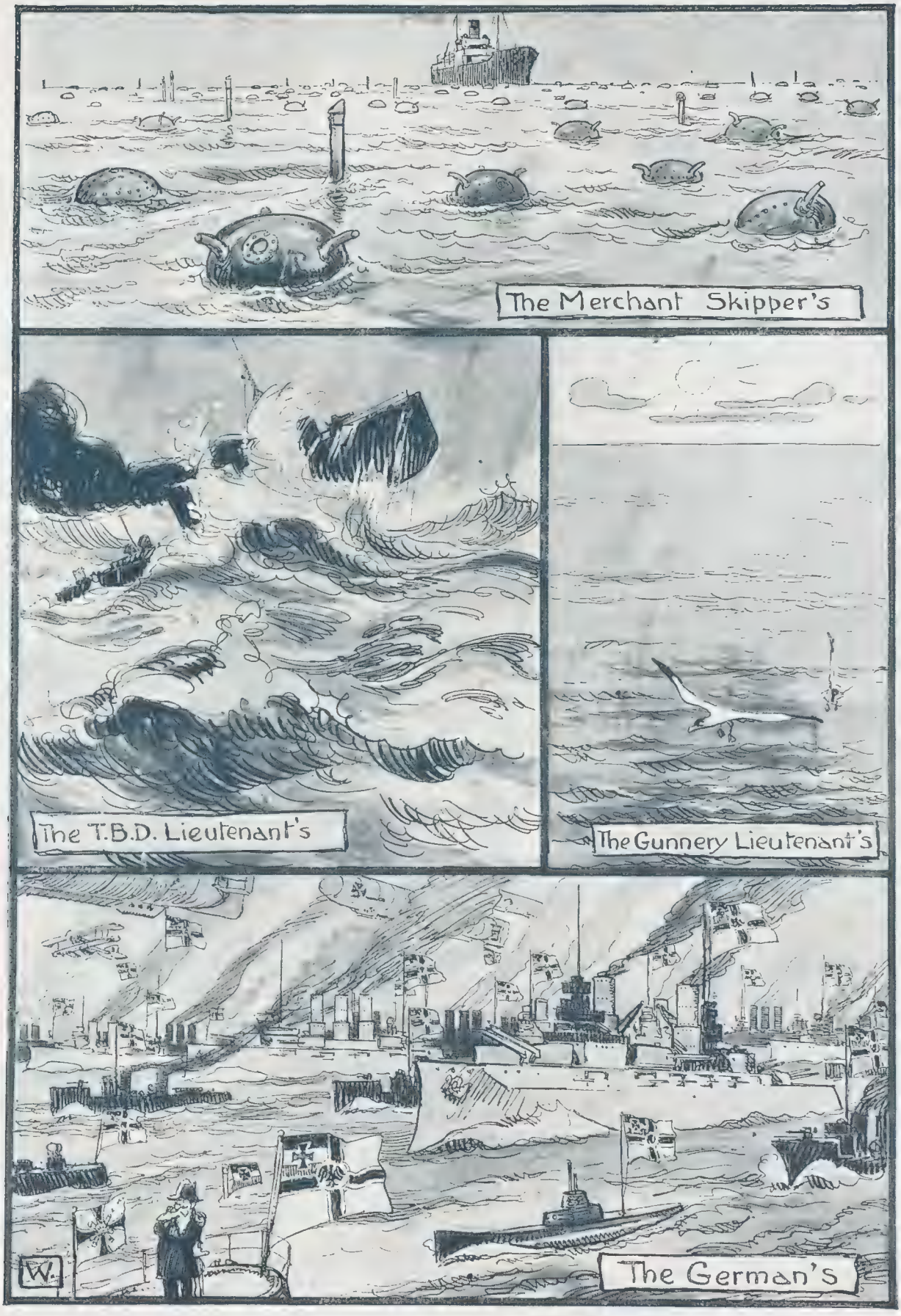
A. G.

MATTERS OF IMPORT

Deputation of business residents in the Strand to protest against the embargo on bananas on the ground that to remove such a vital attraction to the thoroughfare would mean ruin

The North Sea in March

AS SEEN FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW



DIVERGENT EFFECTS OF THE NEW SUBMARINE AND FLOATING MINE CAMPAIGN UPON USERS OF THE "GERMAN" OCEAN

"They Never Will Be Missed"

III.—STIGGINS, JUNIOR

STIGGINS, Jun., is an unspeakably nasty and worm-like creature. He is soft and flabby, pallid and unwholesome. His hair is long and very greasy; he usually wears dirty kid gloves, and carries an umbrella. He prefers to earn his living—or get it—by doing woman's work; he haunts the gatherings of Brotherhoods and speaks unctuously of himself as "a young fellow." He drinks cocoa, and thinks accordingly. He is utterly gutless and insufferable—a poisonous person.

THE war gave Stiggins, jun., a chance in two directions. Some of him, to their lasting honour and speedy regeneration, tumbled into khaki. They were trying—very trying to the drill sergeant, but he succeeded in making real men of them. It is with horror and shame and loathing that they look back on what they were before and never, never can be again.

OTHER young Stigginses slunk away before the call, and became more pestilent than ever. Afraid of being called cowards they have improvised consciences! They consort at their pestilent "Brotherhoods" on Sunday and bring away fine-sounding phrases to fortify themselves during the following week. "War is against Christianity and Civilisation." They will have none of it. Bible in the pocket, they will continue to earn their wages behind the safe counter, and will leave it to heathens to defend them from the enemy. They will give nothing to their country, but they will take all that fine blood and gallantry can preserve to them.

NOR will they even act as non-combatants. Mine-sweeping is not for them. Nor Red Cross work either. They will play no part of any kind in the war that means everything to their race. They will simply live on as usual, and get as much as they can in the way of an added wage. But they must not be suffered to live on. They are a national dry-rot.

WAR does two great things for a country. It sets a new standard of manliness, and it nerves the majority to demand that that standard is maintained. Stiggins, jun., has, no doubt, been flattered and encouraged by the unfair and absurd success achieved by papa Stiggins. His voice and control in Emergency Legislation has been excessive and outrageous. But his power is so violently against the real spirit of the times that it can only be short-lived. Stiggins, jun., will be tackled first. See him skulking by some lithe lad in khaki, and you would say that he was not even worth bayoneting. Anyway, he's got to go—and very quickly too.

AND the neurotic atmosphere that produced him must go too. The screaming fanatics and shallow-brained, narrow-minded perverters of real Christianity, will have short shrift when the men who *are* men come back to control our life. That will be an evil time for Stiggins, jun., but a thundering good one for the lads of the country.

THE muffs, the nincompoops, the funks, and the mollycoddles—the lisping lady-like trouser-pegs—their day is at an end. They must go under. They're merely passengers on the ship, and an offensive nuisance to boot. Men will have to be men in future, and their nonsense must be knocked out of them while they are being braced up to manliness. The fine bronzed faces of our lads from the Front raise a new standard. And old England will live up to it.

PUDDING-FACES and pudding-minds seem to go together. I think we have been too tolerant of some people's silly views in the past. Conduct that hurts the State is not allowed. Thought and speech that hurt the State should not be allowed either. If I were to be blasphemous or seditious I should rightly have short shrift; but if I put a black tie over a white shirt and go to a Brotherhood meeting and insidiously teach treason to manliness and rebellion to the State I am applauded as a perfect Christian, and billed as a leader of social thought; whilst conversely anyone who objects to any of these activities is un-Christian. My attitude is, of course, one of studied hypocrisy, adopted for the sole purpose of excusing cowardice and indulging narrowness. There is no intellectual sanction for it; there is no moral health in it. As a matter of fact, I ought to be horse-whipped and ducked in the nearest open drain.

THE sublime ideals of our day are high manliness and sacrifice. We must see to it that these ideals long outlive the war, and that they are adopted lastingly as the tests of Empire faith and conduct. In their presence Stiggins, jun., must be flayed out of being, and the maudlin mawkish slush that produced him must be shovelled away. Brotherhoods that cant on Sundays of "The Righteousness of Our Cause" to stay-at-home mollycoddles should be closed down. Public opinion should suffice for the accomplishment of this.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IN connection with the new Government regulations regarding economy of paper, readers who wish to be sure of obtaining THE BYSTANDER regularly should order it direct from the Publishing Office or else from a newsagent or bookstall clerk. Owing to the scarcity of paper it will be impossible in future to provide with any degree of certainty for the needs of the chance purchaser.

The Iron Man Moulded in Clay

For this likeness of Lord Kitchener, executed by Mr. John Tussaud, the actual "sitter" was not the great man himself but his counterfeit presentment modelled in clay. For these clay-portraits, as they are called, Mr. Tussaud claims—not apparently without reason—that they are more life-like than the ordinary type of photograph because they reproduce characteristic expressions of the face which the camera often fails to catch from the live subject.

"Somewhere in Flanders"

JANSSOON

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

It was at the earlier stage of the war, at the time when life was made up of weary unending marches over nobbly cobbled roads to the music of crumps, whiz-bangs, and hulking Johnsons—retreating, ever retreating, a time when Staff Officers slept in their boots and wondered drearily on the hygienic qualifications of a chrysalising beard. Then X—— at last, with orders to hold the place at any cost, welcome longed-for rest for soldiers, already hardened veterans with three months of the bloodiest warfare to their credit.

It was about a week after entering X—— that a British picket encountered Janssoon. He came slowly, fearlessly towards them across the rough, uneven ground from the direction of the German lines, a lone pathetic little figure in the thin, misty light of dawn and quite undismayed by the unfriendly evolutions of a naked bayonet: a mere wisp of a lad, famished-looking, draggled, with terror-staring eyes. He could give no information about himself. His name was Janssoon Maes, and he came from the Germans "over there." That was all. The boy seemed half-demented by some ghastly horror he had seen.

They brought him up to Brigade Headquarters in the Corn Exchange, and presented him to the General. The General could make nothing of him. "Poor little devil," he said, "he looks three-parts starved. Take him away and give him something to eat, and then we may be able to get something out of him." So they took him away and placed meat before him, and beneath the softening influence of ration bully—a foodstuff which is refreshing to the body on isolated occasions of extreme hunger, but cloying as a regular diet—the look of terror faded slowly from the little boy's eyes, and in a jumbled *mélangé* of Flemish and French he began to pour out the story of his life. He was nearly twelve years old, it seemed, and he and his elder brother, Léon, lived with their mother at V——. His father had been a hotel-keeper, but he died a year ago, and it was now his mother who was the *patronne* of the Hotel de la Couronne, in the Rue Alexandre, nearly opposite the railway station, the leading hotel of the town.

Each day the rumour would go round that the Germans were drawing nearer. But his mother laughed at the idea of leaving V——. The Germans would never get as far, she said. Besides, how were they going to live in France, and what would become of the hotel? The idea was ridiculous.

Then one never-to-be-forgotten morning at the crack of dawn a body of Uhlans galloped through the square, and within half an hour the Germans were in V——. The Hotel de la Couronne being the leading hotel of V——, the family of Maes were not kept long in doubt as to where the Hun headquarters would be situated. But, strange as it may seem, the family were treated well on the whole by the Germans, though frequently subjected to petty insults and indignities, against which it was hopeless to rebel.

It was on the fourth day after the entry of the invaders that Suzanne, the old cook's help, who had been out buying groceries in the town, hurried in, greatly agitated, and whispered something in Madame Maes's ear. Léon had been shot dead by a Uhlan in the market square. She had seen it happen.

For a moment Madame Maes made as if to faint, she turned as white as a ghost and clutched at the old

(Continued on page 432)

GIVEN AWAY

Extract from a letter to the press from Professor Wiggins, the eminent statistician:—"... having calculated the chances against more than one Zeppelin bomb falling in exactly the same place, to be 35,273 to 1, I strongly counsel the public in the case of an aerial raid to proceed speedily to the nearest bomb-hole ..."

PROFESSOR WIGGINS (*proceeding speedily to the nearest bomb-hole during an air-raid in his district*): "D. . . . n!!! that letter"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

A Matter of Moment

"What was that, Bill?"
"Trench mortar"
"Ours or theirs?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (concluded from page 430)

woman for support. Then bracing herself with an effort, she murmured something about her darling Leon, and hurried out into the street. Ten minutes later Madame Maes returned, and without a trace of emotion entered the kitchen and began to aid Suzanne and the old cook with the preparation of the *déjeuner*. The soup was brought in to the accompaniment of a chorus of "Guten Appetit!" delivered with throaty succulence. Soup noises reigned supreme. . . .

Then suddenly a grizzled Major fell back in his chair with a choking cry of "Gott im Himmel! the soup is poisoned." . . . Janssoon brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "My mother . . . they hacked her to death with their sabres. . . . I ran . . . ran . . . anywhere—I didn't know or care. They would kill me too. . . ."

The tears welled up again in the lad's brown eyes, and his voice died away in a whisper.

The Brigadier was not an emotional man, but something very bright shone in his eyes as the little Belgian boy concluded his terrible story.

"My God!" was all he said, but his face was terrible to look upon.

It was decided forthwith that Janssoon should stay with the Brigade until arrangements could be made to send him to some kindly folk behind the lines, where he would be well looked after and made to forget a little of the ghastly tragedy that had overshadowed his young life.

He stayed nearly a week with the Brigade, improving daily beneath the kindness and attention that was lavished upon him, and then on the night of the seventh day he vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

And the fact that within four hours of his disappearance German batteries began for the first time to open a concentrated fire on the Brigade Headquarters, the ammunition store, and the mechanical transport park in the Place Albert is doubtless just one of those wonderful coincidences that occur from time to time in this bad, sad world of sin and hate.

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON

Getting Used to the War—

—Or the Doom of the Night-fiend

A Leg Bye

"YAH! NEVER TOUCHED ME"

TRENCH LIFE

A WORKING PARTY

THE IDEAL

AFTERNOON TEA

Actuality i

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all thrown into strong
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FIRST-HAND IMPRESSIONS, VISUALISED ON THE SPOT, OF TH

IN SILHOUETTE

A LISTENING POST

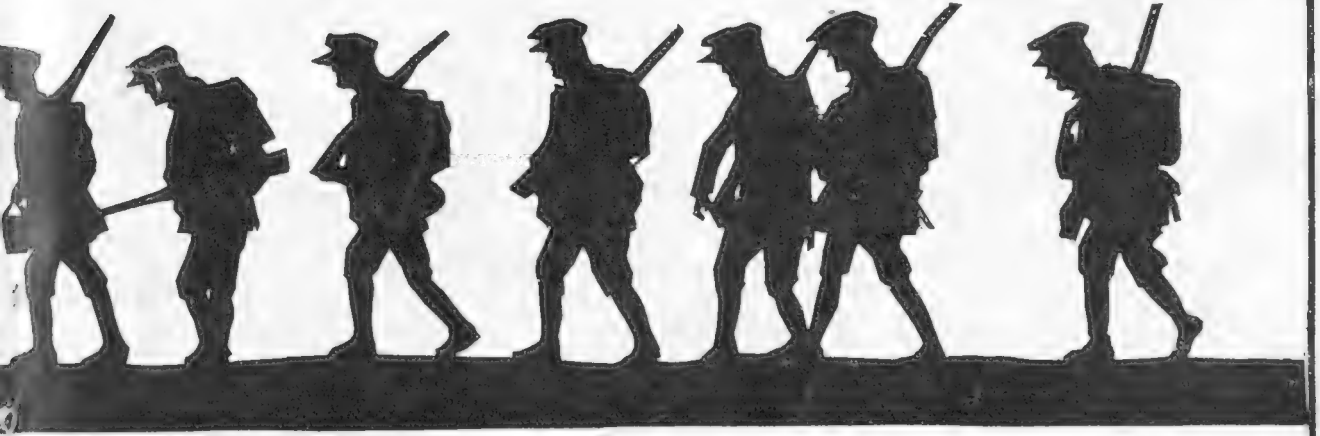
in Outline

ouette as a medium for trench life is a parti- ation, for when one ly all movemen's are in the early hours of are the subjects "out en, working parties, the dimly-lighted dug-outs, relief by the brilliant , which throughout the ntensify the darkness, isty dawn or at sunset silhouetted against the

tes were made in enches, and were scissors with no They are accord- oductions of vivid in the memory of executed them.

THE REAL

A WELCOME WASH



MARCHING UP A COMMUNICATION TRENCH

HE DAILY (AND NIGHTLY) ROUTINE OF THE FIRING LINE

BY SECOND-LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY

Matters of No Moment

A RANDOM REVUE

To old Bagdad the Turco comes,
Sans bluff, sans bombast and sans drums.
Though Achi Baba, Britain leaves,
She'll get those forty thousand thieves.

"THE sale of the famous Munich variety of sausage has already been banned in Bavaria because of the large amount of meat required in cooking them."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

No wonder the Germans are running short of meat if they use it for cooking sausages.

✵

A DAILY paper says that during the recent fall of snow the Mayor of Sandwich issued a notice requiring householders "to clear their own pavements." We are mildly surprised to hear that there are householders in Sandwich who own pavements. They must have bought the street.

✵

"IN numerous other respects the police are taking care of the morals of Berlin, and we are told that the Berliners bear their cross with seriousness and dignity."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

Yes, indeed; it must be a heavy cross for the Berliner to be obliged to walk in the moral way.

✵

"TRIALS have been made by the Zeppelin to throw asphyxiating gas around the airship to ensure flight when pursued."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Why do they not try the experiment of letting the gunpowder run out of the heels of their boots?

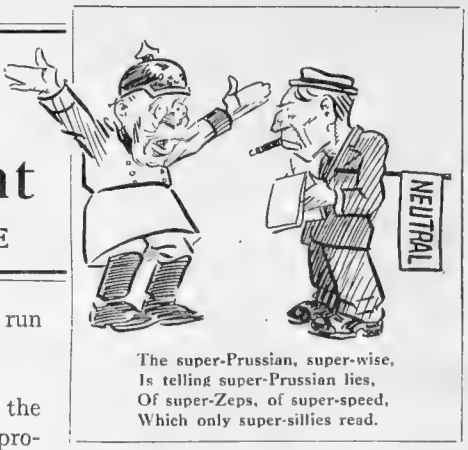
✵

A SOCIALIST Deputy in the Prussian Diet recently protested against the action of the Agrarians in keeping their stocks of pigs from the market, while German soldiers are being sent to the slaughter with reckless prodigality. He complained bitterly that there seemed to be one law for German pigs and another for German soldiers. The Deputy has our respectful sympathy. Why, indeed, create these invidious distinctions?

This paper famine they talk about,
Is a serious matter there is no doubt:
For how can we manage to win the fight,
If the WESTMINSTER doesn't come out at night?
How shall we know what the Chancellor said,
When he held a pistol at Asquith's head;
Whether old Tirps with his big new gun,
Can drop a projectile weighing a ton?
And the Allies' offensive must surely fail,
Without the advice of the DAILY MAIL.

Both Hans and Gustav sit and stuff,
They never seem to have enough.
Yet Hans and Gustav are so small,
We wonder where they put it all!

ONE of the victims of the elusive *Moewe* describes her as carrying six guns, as well as torpedo tubes, and a crew of two hundred. He adds that she appears to be a steamer "built for carrying perishable cargo." It is up to us to see that the designs of her builders are carried out to the letter.



The super-Prussian, super-wise,
Is telling super-Prussian lies,
Of super-Zeps, of super-speed,
Which only super-sillies read.

✵

IT appears that the All-Highest himself is occasionally the victim of the Censor. Complaint was made in the Reichstag the other day that a beautiful phrase of the Emperor about bringing the enemy to his knees had been ruthlessly blue-pencilled. Perhaps the Censor is a better sportsman, and knows that you cannot claim a victory until you have got his shoulders on the mat.

✵

A BUTCHER who applied to the Military Tribunal for the release of his assistant explained that it is very difficult to get butchers at home to-day. Too much foreign competition just now, perhaps.

✵

THE Government's decision to restrict the imports of marble and slate has been viewed with mixed feelings by the Board School children. While they admit that slates can be conveniently dispensed with, they want to know what they are going to do for marbles now that the alley-taw and peg-top season is just about to open.

His conscience will not let him be
A wicked fighting man like me.
I wonder, what would Britain do
If I had got a conscience too?

"More" Magnetism

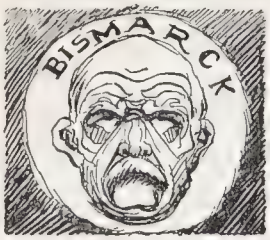
Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS DOROTHY MINTO

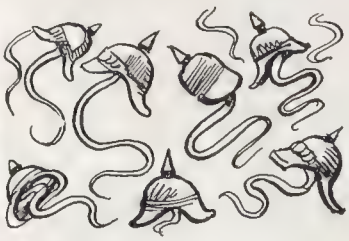
Who has recently joined the cast of "More" at the Ambassadors Theatre, thereby adding greatly to the attractiveness of that most sprightly of Revues

The Worst Disease of All

ITS EVOLUTION, EFFECTS AND CURE



The germ of the disease



Parasites produced by the germ

The swollen body after forty years' infection

The disease spreads and overruns Central Europe

Some of the dreadful effects in the infected areas

Treatment for the disease :—Dr. John Bull's pills, Russian massage, and French phlebotomy

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF "KULTUR" BY A SOUTH-AMERICAN

In a letter accompanying the illustration the artist writes: "You can see in this drawing the feeling of my country towards England and her allies"

The Bystander in Paris

In Paris Mantynong

"Sorry, Blanche, but after all it is the sincerest form of flattery"

Sorry, Blanche, but, after all, it is the sincerest form of flattery, isn't it? Besides, it isn't a bit like you, really. But you see, dear, *le règlement c'est le règlement*, and we are not allowed to talk foreign languages on the telephone in Paris. So when Johnson, who has come over to sell coal, wants to have a chat with John, his friend, who is something in the munitions line, and, therefore, wears a button (of course, he wears the other buttons, too. *Really*, Blanche!), it's often quite amusing to hold the other receiver to your tiny ear. Because this is the kind of thing which goes on:

The voice of John Smith: "Allo! Madermoisell! Er—donny mwor ler noomero—er—Marcaddy, trays vang-doo, vooly voo. (*Ingratiatingly*) Wee?"

The voice of the Telephone Girl (*briskly*): "Allo Marcadet! Treize vingt-e-deux! Les deux cocottes. (*Another voice.*) Les deux cocottes, voilà!"

Voice of Johnson—
"Ay jer dee 'heureux chien!'"

Johnson: "Allo! Allo! Kee ay lar?"

Telephone Girl: "Marcadet treize vingt-e-deux?"

John Smith: "Wee! May wee!"

Telephone-Girl: "On vous parle."

Smith: "Allo! Kee parle?"

Johnson: "Hullo, old man! Fo parly frongsy, voo savvy, dammit."

Smith: "Wee, wee, jer say sar. Commong-voo portay-voo?"

Johnson (*who knows a little more French than Smith*): "Par mal, ay twar?"

Smith: "Kesker?"

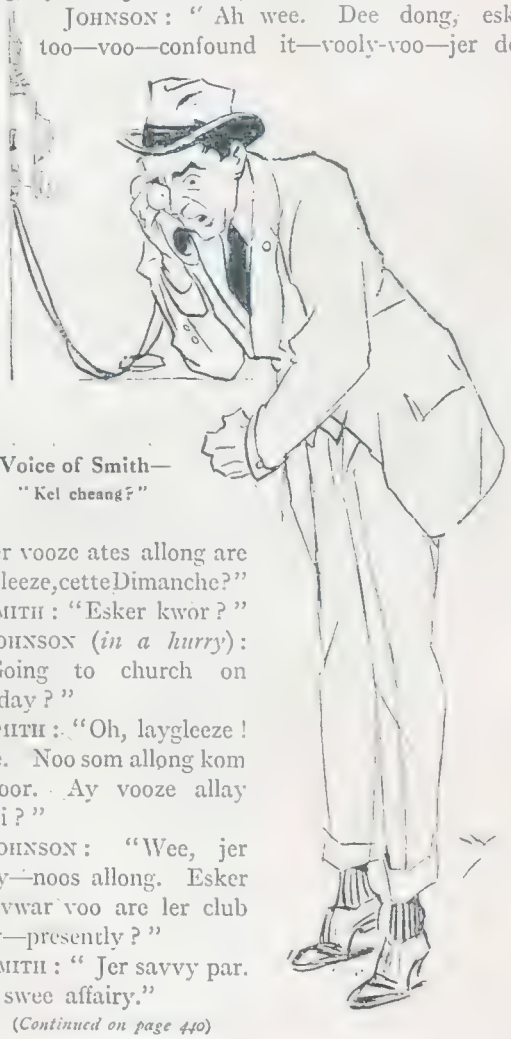
Johnson: "Commong?"

Smith: "May jer swee! ay jer dee 'kesker'? Parseker jer comprong par sir ker too vooley."

Johnson: "May kel ay ler matière?"

Smith: "Il ee are riang ler matière! Mon fam dee, ce matang, 'Telephonez Johnson, connaitre see il ally byang, ay Mrs. Johnson, ay lay june.'"

Johnson: "Ah wee. Dee dong, esker too—voo—confound it—vooly-voo—jer dee, esker vooze ates allong are laygleeze, cette Dimanche?"



Voice of Smith—
"Kel cheang?"

Smith: "Esker kwor?"

Johnson (*in a hurry*): "Going to church on Sunday?"

Smith: "Oh, laygleeze! Wee. Noo som allong kom toojoor. Ay vooze allay aussi?"

Johnson: "Wee, jer allay—noos allong. Esker jer vwar voo are ler club—er—presently?"

Smith: "Jer savvy par. Jer swee affairy."

(*Continued on page 440*)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 439*)

JOHNSON: "Heureux chien!"

SMITH: "Commong?"

JOHNSON: "May wee. Too dee too ay affairy, ay jer dee 'heureux chien.'"

SMITH: "Poor kwar?"

JOHNSON: "Poor kwar kwar?"

SMITH: "Poor kwar too dee, ou voo deet, jer ver deer cer ker voo deet?"

JOHNSON: "Oh, jer comprong par der too, ser ker too dee mantynong."

SMITH: "Esker jer parl par frongsy?"

JOHNSON: "Wee, jer ner pongs par. Frongsy! Good lord!"

SMITH: "Oh! Say par ler pane de fare ler jer say too, voo savvy. Tong frongsy nay par bowcoo meilleur ker mong frongsy, anyhow. Ay pwee?"

JOHNSON: "Wee?"

SMITH: "Ay pwee, kesker too ver dere avec ler cheang?"

JOHNSON: "May too ay bate! Too dee voo savvy par see voo venny au club, parseker voos ate trays affairy."

SMITH: "Wee, jer say sar."

JOHNSON: "Ay jer dee 'heureux chien!'"

"Gott strafe the —— telephone!"

SMITH: "Kel cheang?"

JOHNSON: "Toolay chiens. Paddy chiens particulier. Too dee——."

SMITH (*who is getting cross*): "Oh jer say ker jay dee, may jer say par ser ker too dee avec ler cheang."

JOHNSON: "Iddy O! Jer parl par der chiens der too (*as fast as he can*). You said you were busy, and I said 'lucky dog,' silly ass!"

SMITH: "Too ler fleurissong zoologique alors?"

JOHNSON: "Alors, too viens pas au club?"

SMITH: "Nong. Jer pongsay par. Jer swee rentrang, may Mrs. Smith, jer ver deer, parseker Mrs. Smith ay esperang kelkers ammies. Allo, Madmersell! Sonnay par com sar!"

JOHNSON: "Ong mar coupay, Madermersell!"

Tired voice of the TELEPHONE CLERK: "Messieurs, voulez-vous parlez français, s'il vous plaît!"

SMITH: "!!!!——. D——!!"

JOHNSON: "Gott strafe the —— telephone!!"

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Were They Downhearted?

A SNAPSHOT TAKEN LAST WEEK IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

The recent snowfall was one of the heaviest experienced in the French capital for many years. The fact that some of the inhabitants seized the opportunity, as is shown above, to indulge in a snowball fight, shows the extent of their depression at the news of the German "victories" at Verdun

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

THE VOGUE OF THE PANNIER-LIKE "LINE"

WALKING COSTUME

With corsage and high collar fastening at the back, and the lacing on the shoulders repeated in the pocket-like folds below the waist

AFTERNOON TOILETTE

Completed by a tunic draped in pannier-fashion and held in place by shoulder-straps

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE LAST BLUFF

BY HAROLD THIRKELL

IN a little upper chamber of the Imperial Palace at Potsdam sat the Supreme War Council—a council of six only.

The Kaiser was there, looking morose and dissatisfied; and Mackensen and Von Hindenburg, the army's leaders of offensive, men of iron and brain combined. Scholmein, too, was there, whose name even yet strikes the ear strangely, though we have known for many a long day that his was the mind controlling the German Navy from behind the flowery presence of Von Tirpitz. And beside him sat Schmidt, the American, as at his own bidding he came to be known, a man from some obscure township in the States endowed, as never man before or since, with that genius for commerce so peculiar to his country. He held them within his one grasp, the whole economic and financial organisation of the Germanic Alliance. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer, naturally; he was also Director of all Supplies—both food and drink—the necessities of life, and gun and shell, the necessities of death. He was Head of everything that was not emphatically either military or naval.

These five men, the Kaiser and his four henchmen, all of supreme competence in their several callings—sat about a table. The sixth man stood at the head of that table, speaking. And, because he was the Colossus, the master of them all, the five hung upon his words.

Here was the man who for forty years had been the hidden power behind the world, the hidden will before whom the unconscious nations bowed; the man who had turned to his own ends all the intricate and cumbersome machinery of our civilisation, using it as he liked; the man who made the war, foreseeing its courses, its every turn and change; the man who by the war was to climb, as he had planned to climb, to be Overlord of the Globe. In his veins he acknowledged the blood of Napoleon; beyond that his birth and his antecedents are hidden. In his face were the features of Napoleon, lacking a little of the grimness. His body was the body of Napoleon, with an inch or so added. What wonder that men came to whisper that he *was* Napoleon, reincarnate for some divine purpose—perhaps to unravel the tangle of civilisation which threatened to delay the destinies of the world?

And what wonder that even the Kaiser hung upon this man's words?

The tiny room at Potsdam, guarded beyond belief against the last device as yet unthought of by any spy, seemed filled to oppression by the personality of the man.

If any of you have stood at the feet of some tremendous statue and looked up at the relentless stone towering away into sky, you may have felt fear in your hearts (as I have felt it), fear born of your insignificance beside this immensity carved in stone. The immensity appals you. In just such a way the will of this man towered above those others closeted with him in the tiny room at Potsdam.

He spoke to them slowly and distinctly, seeming to ponder every word before uttering it, and the five only sat and listened. They questioned nothing he said, not even within their own hearts. They were too much under his spell to attempt more than simple comprehension of his words. For the first time the master mind which they obeyed and had obeyed for years was revealing itself and its scope and its power—and they were afraid. They were appalled by the heights and the depths of his activities, by the vast deeds he spoke of, deeds not to do, but done. For an hour he had been relating the world history of half a century, speaking of it in the first person singular.

"When *I* had beaten France in eighteen-seventy."

"And *I* made war for the British in South Africa. . . ."

Phase by phase he revealed the workings of his schemes, their perfection without fault, their execution with scarce a hitch, his own foresight without error.

"And now I have nearly succeeded. Let me recapitulate the state of my affairs. Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria are my forces. I have raised against me Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and some others. Excepting America I have involved the world in this war.

"I hold Belgium, Poland, and Serbia. The Allies are helpless. All their available strength in men and in materials is employed against me, and still I can hold what I have. They believe that I cannot beat them on the field, as they know they cannot beat me. And so they think to conquer me by patience, to starve me out, as I foresaw they would try to do. I planned to produce the stalemate that exists.

"I could fight these nations if I chose with a certainty of final triumph. I could employ against them forces of which they do not dream. I could call America and China and Spain and Sweden to my side. I could raise the Moslems up in arms against Britain in India and Egypt, and in Morocco against France. But the war would be long and bloody, and half the world would lie in smoking ruin before it were ended. And I do not purpose to rule a devastated world when I have finished.

"Therefore I choose to triumph by diplomacy rather than the sword. I intend to bluff; and this is how. Pay attention!

"Next week there will be dissension amongst the Allies. I have arranged that. Russia and Britain will squabble over some Persian affair, the possession of a non-existent village, I think. France will lose patience with them and their bickerings. Their Ministers alone will know of it. The papers and the public will know nothing—as usual. Their quarrel will develop to the point of rupture, and then, when they are afraid, I will offer them peace. They will jump at the terms I will offer. I will offer them more than they themselves would have asked. It does not matter what I give them, since I shall have it all back in so short a time. I will evacuate Belgium and Poland and Serbia, and I will promise reparation to these States. If necessary, I will give them Alsace and Lorraine, and all the colonies they have seized.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 444)

Principal Merrymaker at the "Pav."

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS EVELEEN FLORENCE

A new picture of the clever young actress who plays the leading part in the Revue "Honi Soit," the 201st performance of which was reached on the Monday of last week, and was made the occasion of a souvenir night

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 442)

"They will believe that I am beaten, but for all that they will be glad enough to grant the one term I shall demand. It is this. For three months after the signing of peace Germany and her Allies, excepting Turkey, shall be closed to all foreigners. The excuse shall be that we do not wish to reveal our war organisation while we disarm. Likewise Belgium, Poland, and Serbia shall be closed for just as long as it may take to withdraw our troops. They will agree to this term. I can make them.

"When peace is declared they will begin at once to disband and disarm and disorganise. My God! how they will disorganise! They will make ploughs out of their cannon, and they will turn their navies loose all over the seas."

He paused.

"But I, my friends, I will neither disband nor disarm nor disorganise! We will make a little pretence on our side, but behind the privacy they will have granted us we will make ourselves stronger than ever before. We will rearm and reorganise."

He was talking to Mackensen and Von Hindenburg now.

"Behind that cover we will prepare more perfect armies than even you two have dreamed of. And then when the hour is ripe we will strike to win. When their cities are drunk with peace offerings, and their armies are in the hands of their womenfolk, and their workmen are revolting, and their politicians fighting, we will strike. You, Mackensen, go to Russia with one army. And you, Hindenburg, lead the second across the water into England. My fleet will cover you. They have laughed so often at my fleet which I have kept for this!

"And as for France, I myself will lead the third army against Paris and into Paris. And once there, in my Paris, I will declare myself; for" (he bowed ironically to the Kaiser) "until then everything shall be done in your name as hitherto, Emperor.

"This is my last bluff, peace. I cannot fail. With Europe mine, the world is as good as conquered. The world is as good as mine."

He fell silent for a long moment, dreaming. Then he smiled and spoke again.

"I shall need armies to keep my world in order. You two, Mackensen and Hindenburg, shall command them; and you, of course, Scholmein, will look after my seas.

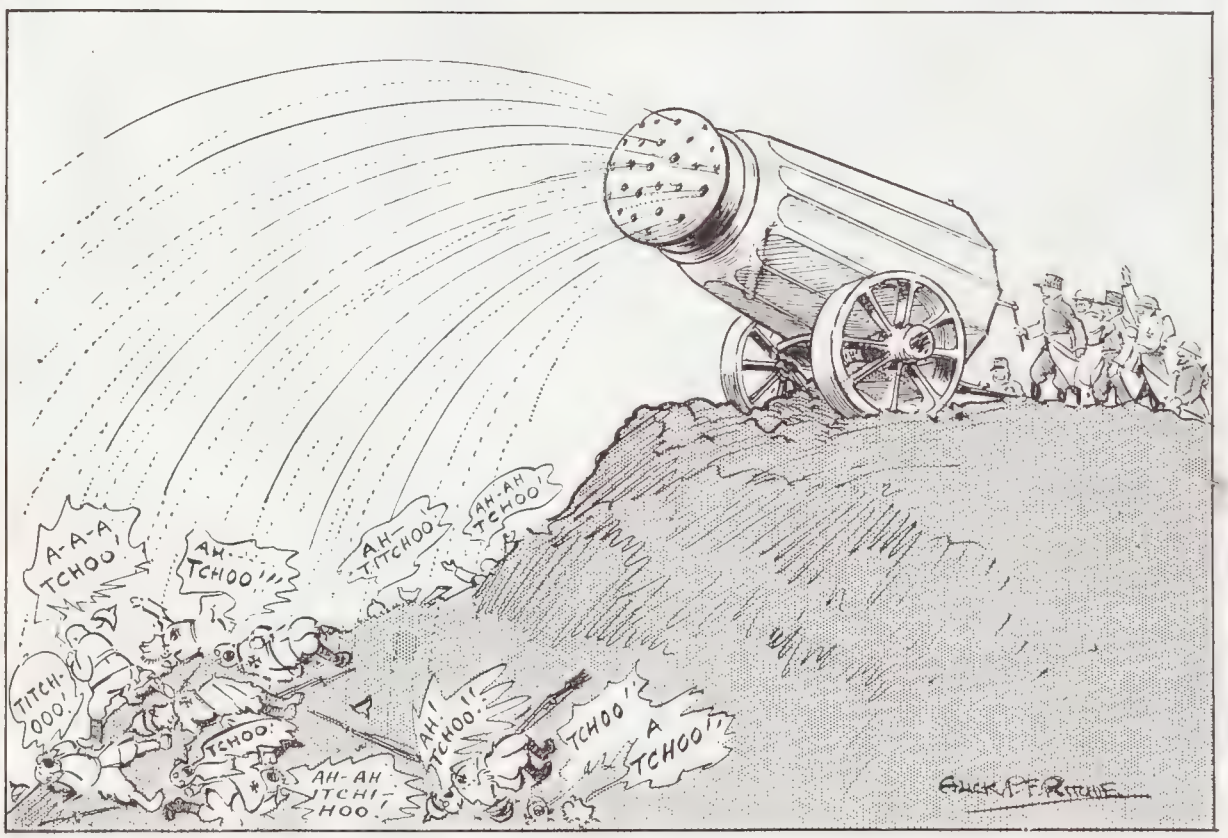
"And you, Herr Schmidt, shall have the finance and the economy and the commerce of the world to bend and twist into patterns as you please."

He turned last of all to the Kaiser.

"And you, my Emperor, who have played the puppet so excellently, you shall be jester at my court."

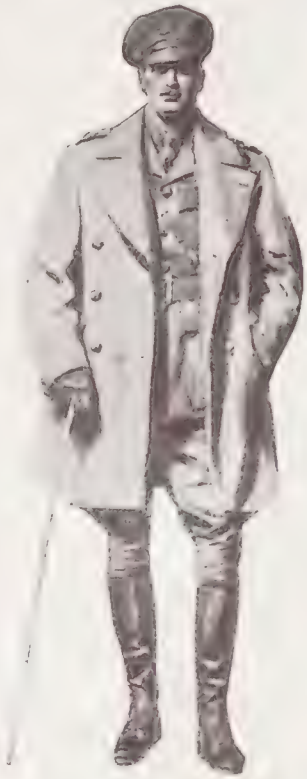
He bowed mockingly again.

HAROLD THIRKELL.



"No fresh attempt was made against Poivre Hill"—FRENCH OFFICIAL LAST WEEK

WAS THIS THE REASON?



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A WARNING TO SUBALTERNS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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The fatal tendency to endeavour to save a few pounds in the purchase of kit is a most disastrous economy and has been encouraged by innumerable London and Provincial firms who have no status whatever as military tailors. Second grade kit is absolutely useless, not only is the appearance as a rule execrable in style, but the materials and workmanship are totally unfitted to stand the excessive wear and tear of active service.

If the War Office would standardise the quality of officers' uniforms, we might be spared the spectacle of so many young officers wearing clothes which are not creditable to the dignity of their position.

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6 Collars		9	0
Tie		2	6
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Haversack		10	6
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Whistle and Lanyard		4	6
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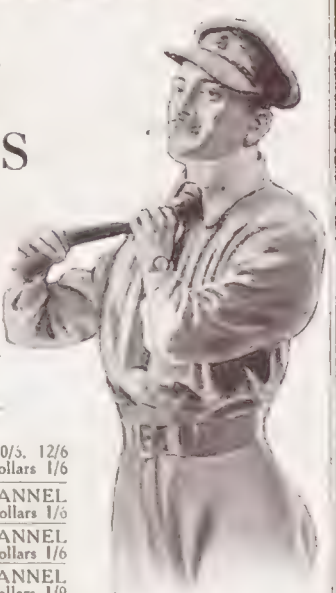

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Books of the Week

THE WAR FROM VARIOUS VIEW-POINTS

Histories and the Censor

Mr. Asquith's recent announcement that we may shortly expect to see certain official accounts of various incidents in the war is of great interest. Although the war-books have kept up a more or less continuous stream for the past eighteen months, it must not be forgotten that they cannot pretend to be correct history, even if they are largely compounded of official statements and the diaries of soldiers. There is so much that cannot be written. Strategy may be explained by the writer, but the explanation is the writer's, and nobody else's. We shall have to wait for some time after peace has been declared for the unexpurgated histories, when, in fact, the Censor will be allowed by an ungrateful country to enjoy a well-earned rest.

What the War-Books Can Do

On the other hand, there is much to be said for such war-books as are already appearing. As stories of heroism they have a definite psychological value to the community. They also help in varying degrees to lift the veil. And without affording the slightest illumination to our enemies, they may allow us to understand in part certain military and political problems. Moreover, the very fact that they have been written and published before the war has been brought to a conclusion has its particular value. In the future we shall be able to see exactly what point of view was taken up at the moment of writing, and so to appreciate all the better the real state of affairs at the time.

A POET IN KHAKI

Private Edmund John of the Artists Rifles, whose new book of poems "The Wind in the Temple" (Erskine Macdonald: 1s. net.), has just been published

A Military History

So in the first volume of Captain Cecil Battine's *A Military History of the War* (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s. net) the absence of staff diaries and confidential military documents makes itself felt, but it is possible to understand broadly what was in the minds of the various Commands, and why such and such an action was fought. The book covers no more than the first month of war, but manages to give a general picture of no little value and interest. Captain Battine, who is the *Daily Telegraph's* Military Correspondent, happened to be in Brussels at the time of its capture by the Germans. He writes as one very well versed in his subject. Where unfavourable criticism is demanded he does not mince his words. It is only on the question of the date chosen by Germany for making war that the average layman may be inclined to quarrel with him. Captain Battine considers that "from the purely military point of view the moment selected for the war was very unfavourable to the Germanic States." But, then, the average layman is notoriously ignorant about everything military, and in any case this is one of those questions which may be satisfactorily thrashed out when war is a thing of the past.

Eye-Witness: New Type

At the moment one of the most popular accounts of life in and out of the trenches is Patrick Macgill's *The Red Horizon* (Jenkins: 6s.). He is by no means first in the literary field, but, if anything, this adds to the interest of his book, for here in a score of sketches, written for the most part in the most uncomfortable places, you have the drama of the thing standing out raw and bloody. It is easy for the correspondent to write: "It was impossible to live in such a hell," or some such phrase, but Macgill takes you into the trenches with him and his own particular section of the London Irish, and makes you understand why we took this, or lost that, line of trench. And such are his powers that you do not remember the existence of the Censor at all. Macgill is of the new type of Eye-Witness; afterwards his pictures of modern warfare will have to be included in the library of the military historian.

The Canadians

We come to the Canadians. It is not easy to forget their great deeds at Ypres, and their own Eye-Witness in the person of Sir Max Aitken, M.P., now issues a first volume of the Canadians in warfare. *Canada in Flanders* (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s. net.), is a gracious book to read. That it should be written at all is a fact of the utmost significance, and as each fresh exploit is unfolded, one's satisfaction increases. "A model of lucid, picturesque, and sympathetic narrative," Mr. Bonar Law calls it in his preface, and this is a very fair view. Sir Max Aitken may be warmly congratulated, and we shall look forward to succeeding volumes.

A German Fantasy

It is not difficult to believe that Germany went mad when the German original of *Hindenburg's March Into London* (Long: 2s. 6d. net) was published. The wish being father to the thought, particularly in war-time, it was quite on the cards that Hindenburg should hack his way through to Buckingham Palace. In English dress the book may amuse us, but the foolish little mistakes multiply so fast as to irritate us. The idea, however, of the dear old respectable Bank of England being the most highly decorated building in London on the report of a British victory in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells is sufficiently grotesque to restore our good humour.

R. S.

Shoolbred's

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We illustrate a smart Tailor-made Model Shirt Blouse in White Jap Silk, Yoke continued at back, trimmed with Crochet Buttons. Collar can be worn open or closed, as sketch. **12/6**

Also in Cream Taffeta with Blue, Mauve, or Brown stripes, **10/9**

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"It is a great and a fascinating story, which stands by itself in the huge epic cycle of the war."—*Times Lit. Sup.*

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"My Lady Frayle" at the Shaftesbury

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

I SUPPOSE the correct comment to make on the title of this piece is "Frailty, thy name is—My Lady!" Lady Frayle is, as I understand it, a widow, and we all know what widows are. Her ladyship appears to have been all that and more. And one day, when her hair is grey and she sees the priceless gift of youth slipping away from her, she sighs aloud that she would give anything to have one hour of the past again. No sooner has she said that than a volume of smoke appears on the stage, and out of the smoke steps a very modern and well-groomed version of Mephistopheles. He is politeness itself. He has heard Her Ladyship's wish, and is prepared to gratify it on the usual terms. Lady Frayle says she presumes he means she must give him her soul in exchange for the boon she craves, but he explains with a polite, but pitying, smile that that has been his property for quite a long time. It's the old story. So many ladies think they have got something to offer, when they haven't.

A CANON WHO NEARLY WENT OFF

✲

MEPHISTO'S name on the programme is Lucifer D. Nation, and as Bret Harte says in his gentle way, I shall not deny with regard to the same what that name might imply. Mr. Nation, having already got a first mortgage on Lady Frayle's soul, is not discussing it as a business proposition. But what he wants is the soul of Dick Bassett, Lady Frayle's ward. It is new to me to learn that the Faust business can be extended to the neighbours in this way. It would appear that you cannot really call your soul your own, in spite of the common belief to the contrary. What Mr. Nation proposes to do is to transform Lady Frayle into a young and lovely woman and to employ her as a snare to lure the young man to his ruin. Or hers, as the case may be. Young men are so fly nowadays. Judging by the course of human history, however, the surrender to the charms of a beautiful woman is not altogether the mortal sin it is sometimes declared to be. Old Rowley, who was certainly qualified to speak on the subject, has placed on record his conviction that Heaven would never be hard on a man for a little thing like that.

✲

THE plot, as far as it goes, is, of course, quite unconvincing; but it is developed in a very entertaining way, and Mr. D. Nation, as represented by Mr. Cecil Humphreys, is a most polite and agreeable Devil; while Miss Margot Joyce (who on the first night took up the part of Lady Frayle at very short notice) has every reason to be proud of the success she achieved. But this Faust-like plot is not by any means the most attractive feature of the play. There is the little complication between the Canon and the actress, which is quite a delightful episode. The Canon, Mr. Courtice Pounds, is a parson of the good old-fashioned sort who is, among other things, an authority on rum punch, the sort of stuff we may only mention in a whisper in these times.

✲

THE idea of making love to a strange lady never entered his head. But Miss Vera de Vere (one of the de Veres of Brixton Hill) was so impressed by his geniality and charm that she simply could not help kissing him of her own accord before witnesses. And everybody knows that when a thing like that happens they always say it was the man who began it, whereas in these stormy days we have to spend half our time in trying to brush them off us, as it were. Miss de Vere (of Brixton Hill) is represented by Miss Cicely Debenham, who is a humorist of the very first class. Her occasional imitations of the masculine drawl were answered by a shout of delight from the audience, which was quick to recognise unusual excellence and originality.

(Continued on page 452)

CALOX

Pleasant Reflections

are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually. Without delay start the regular night and morning use of Calox.

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So he ordered one. But *if only his friends had known*, how gladly would they have sent it.

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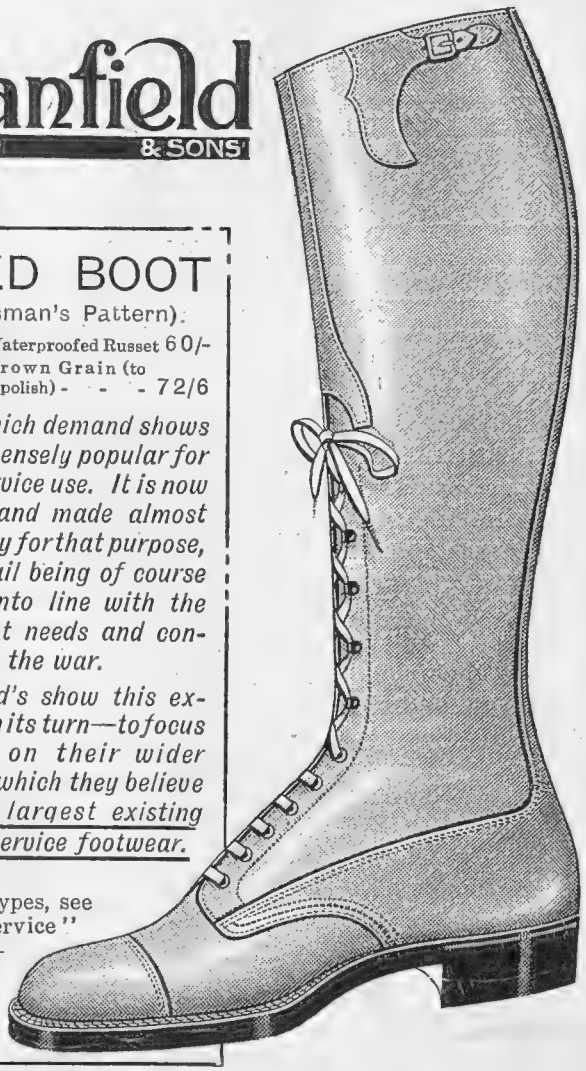
For other types, see "Active Service" Catalogue—Free on application.



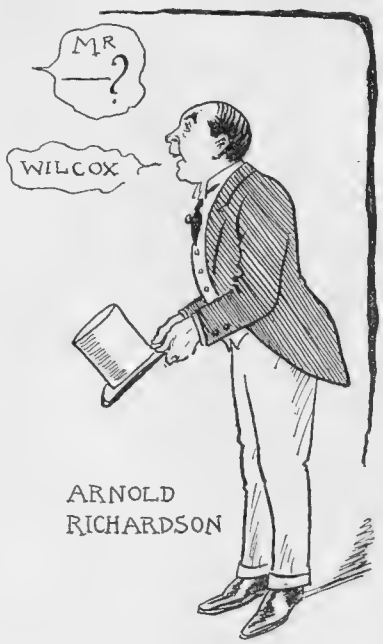
125, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
And throughout London and United Kingdom.

Mephistopheles in a Musical Play

"My Lady Frayle," the new musical play at the Shaftesbury Theatre appears to have scored an immediate success. It is more original than plays of the kind usually are, and it has a plot as well. The music is admirably well suited to the lightness of this sparkling production

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page* 448)

ANOTHER amusing feature was the arrival of Mrs. Grundy and her six daughters. Mrs. Grundy was, as we might have expected, merely a conventional exponent of the doctrine of prunes and prisms; but her daughters were extremely modern—and even a little ahead. In the presence of their mother they are decorum itself; but when they are free from the maternal shadow they take us into their confidence a little. It seems that although their dear mother is so prim and proper they themselves are rather fond of seeing life. Starting from a theory of heredity made to suit the case, they argue that as they cannot have inherited this tendency to flightiness from their very good mother, it follows that the defect must have come from the other side of the house. And their song with the refrain "What a saucy old gentleman father must have been!" is something to give thanks for. In another verse they complain of their mother's ruling that they must wear flannel next to the skin; whereas, if we could see the things they really have on, we should agree that father must have been a very gay old gentleman indeed. It is quite original and distinctly above the level of average musical comedy humour.



THE WAYWARD WILCOX

ON one occasion they decide to break away from the maternal apron-strings and go sight-seeing in the rarer spots of London, but they wish it to be clearly understood that it is all father's fault that they have developed this fatal curiosity. And yet there are those who still have the courage to speak of woman as the downtrodden sex.

❀

A GOOD deal of the fun of the evening is contributed by Mr. Arnold Richardson, who takes the part of Wilcox, a butler. Outside the humour supplied him by his authors, Mr. Richardson has an elastic face that only Heaven could have bestowed upon him, and his laugh is quite a conjuring trick in itself. Although this piece has been announced as a musical comedy with a plot, the plot is not at any time allowed to disturb the harmony of the proceedings. It is dovetailed most successfully among scenes of lightness and brightness which will certainly have the lion's share of public approval. The musical comedy public seems inexhaustible, even in these grave times, and it would be difficult to imagine an entertainment more likely to appeal to that public than *My Lady Frayle*. The production is superbly mounted, and its success should be assured. JINGLE

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Practical, smart and becoming, adapted from excellent Paris Models to meet the present demand for dainty but useful Blouses at a popular price.

NEW HIGHWAYMAN'S CAPE BLOUSE.

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18/9

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FIELD & TRENCH COATS

So many worthless imitations are being advertised that it is most essential that Officers, for their own protection, should read the GENUINE letters from those who have been in the Trenches, and have therefore proved the superior merits of the AQUASCUTUM over all other coats.

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"It stood the Winter in the Trenches simply splendidly. I know no better coat." Capt. P.

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"I cannot speak too highly of my Aquascutum, as it has had many severe tests and has always proved to be absolutely waterproof." Lieut. N.

"Continuous wear in and out of the Trenches had naturally told on it a bit, but otherwise it is perfectly good. I can never wish for a better coat." Capt. B.

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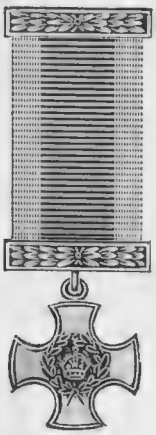

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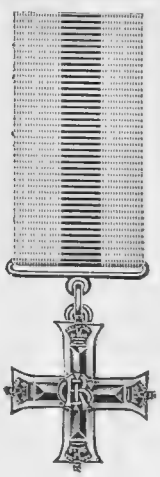

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Matters Musical

MORE REHEARSALS, PLEASE!

THE Philharmonic Society is not only the leading, but the best—two quite different things—musical organisation in London. It is progressive without losing a sense of proportion; it is patriotic without gravitating towards narrowness. Wherefore a Philharmonic concert may safely be regarded as typical of the best concerts to be heard in England. All this by way of preface. Now what happened the other day? At the concert last week an important new work by Arnold Bax, called *Spring Fires*, was announced for performance. But, alas! the announcement survived the performance, for a printed slip inserted in the programme at the eleventh hour informed us that "owing to the exceptional difficulty of the music," etc., etc., *Spring Fires* would be replaced by *In the Fairy Hills*, a quite first-rate, but familiar, work by the same composer.

❋ ❋

NOW, the peculiar characteristics of Bax's music are perfectly well-known to every musician. Not only is the music very difficult in itself, but the balance of the scoring, that is to say, the weighing of one instrument against another, is peculiarly delicate and original. It may be a pity that Bax writes music of this kind, but the fact remains that he does, and that everybody ought to have anticipated it.

BUT all this is not in the least the fault of the Philharmonic Society; it is the fault of our habitual system of under-rehearsal. Were not the British orchestral player, as he admittedly is, the best reader in the world, it would be quite impossible for complex modern music to be played here at all. Incidentally, the system also leads to a certain tendency towards monotony of tone that is the principal, perhaps the only, defect of British orchestral playing.

❋ ❋

STILL, even the system, bad as it is, might be borne—were it not for the exceptions! These are positively intolerable. Herr Strauss, idiotically boomed by the very Press that now clamours most violently against everything German, could ask for as many rehearsals for *Heldenleben* as he wished. Stravinski—or, indeed, almost any other foreigner, provided he were sufficiently puffed—could enjoy the same privilege. The only composer for whom no exception is ever made by anybody under any circumstances is the unfortunate Englishman. Consequently, our present system puts a premium on performances that are fortunate if they are mediocre—and, after all, if a work is worth playing at all it is worth playing well, even if it is only by an Englishman! The Philharmonic people can, at least, claim the merit of realising that. Open withdrawal is ten times better than disguised incompetence.

FRANCIS TOYE

THE MAJOR

(soliloquising)

"Quite a discriminating young fellow that new Sub . . . said he could offer me a better cigarette than I was smoking . . . Jove! he was right, too . . . A chap who can find out a good thing like this won't be long before he gets promotion . . . must make a note to get some . . . What's the name? . . . Ah

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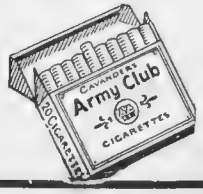

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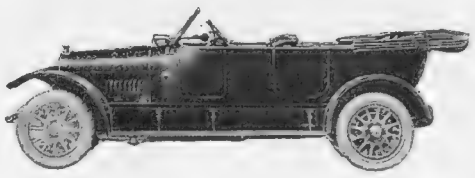

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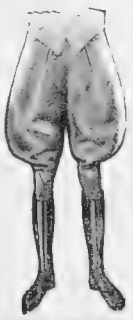

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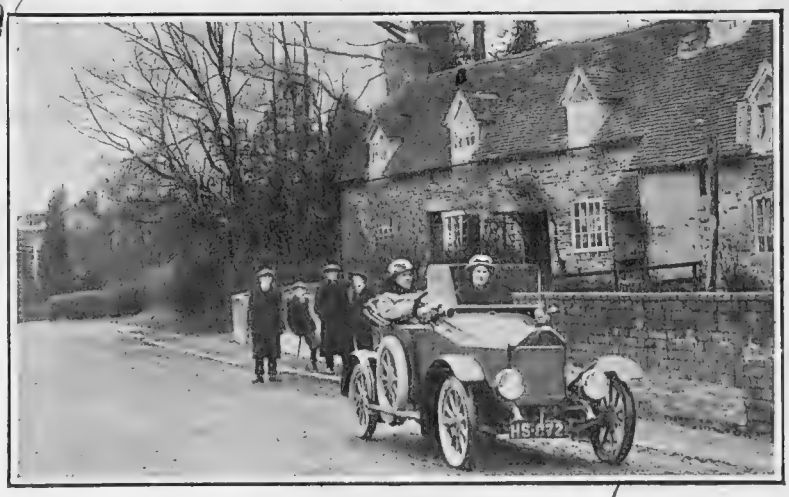
Incidental Matters of Motoring

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY



SWIFTS FOR LADIES

The 10 h.p. Swift two-seater illustrated is a highly economical little 'bus, and admirably adapted to the use of ladies, who are nearly the only mufti motorists now left. This car is owned (and driven) by Mrs. Hartley Smith, of Evesham, justly celebrated for her prose, as well as her camera, pictures of travel

Some Test

IF the Goodrich Company did not itself vouch for this, the Doubting Thomas part of me might feel exercised. But as the Goodrich Company does vouch for it, and as the Goodrich Company has never, to my knowledge, vouched for anything that was not precisely so (when it wasn't better than the voucher), in goes the story of a super-test of the Goodrich red rubber tube for car tyres. One car pulled the dead load of three others, each loaded with passengers, through crowded streets, stopping and starting for three miles. The only coupling between each of the four cars was one Goodrich tube. The resultant stretch, measured immediately after the test, amounted to a miserable three-quarters of an inch, and even this stretch after two hours had disappeared. If that is not evidence of durability and a guarantee of resiliency, name the more strenuous test. Because I'd be glad to hear of it.

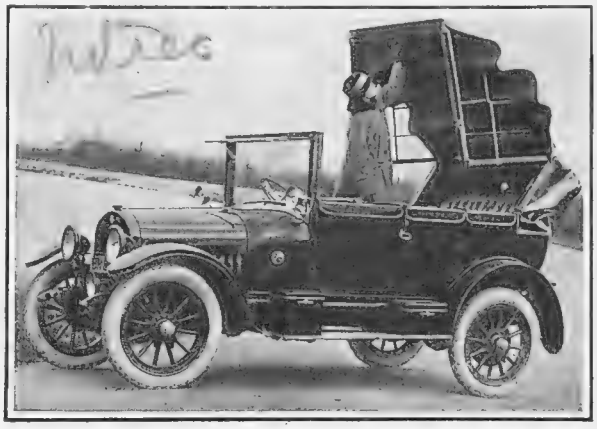
***

Benevolence

THIS has been standing in type too long. Now it will have to go in, and in it goes—Mr. A. J. Wilson, hon. general secretary and treasurer of the Motor Trade Benevolent, has achieved his heart's desire, and now (after ten years) has over £20,000 invested for the fund. He, therefore, desired to retire; but they would not let him. "They" never did a wiser nor better thing. Mr. Harry Smith, of the Rover Company, has retired after two years of office, during which, despite the war and the absence of the banquet, he made record collections, a splendid tribute to his personal influence and interest. He is succeeded by Mr. H. W. Dove, head of the famous accessory house. Miss Ethel Sayer, Mr. Wilson's honorary right-hand man in the work of the fund from the commencement, received an address of cordial and earnest thanks. It was thoroughly well earned.

C.A.V. Developments

THE firm of C. A. Vandervell is now a limited liability company. The fact that it developed to its present dimensions as a private concern makes it one of the most notable examples of individual enterprise, carrying its own responsibilities on its own shoulders, in this country. The change of title does not in any way affect the executive. Mr. Arthur Goodwin remains at the managerial wheel, and Messrs. Midgley, Steel, and Elyard Brown retain their positions respectively as chief engineer, works manager, and chief technical representative. Which is good hearing and a guarantee of continued success.



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***

Rochet-Schneider Moves

ROCHET-SCHNEIDER owners will find all the facilities aforetime enjoyed at Shaftesbury Avenue and Lupus Street available at the firm's new depôt, 26-28, Caxton Street, Westminster. While the factory at Lyons is working night and day turning out munitions for the French Army, new cars are not likely to come through; but the Rochet-Schneider is a car that lives, and any number are doubtless still on the roads of this country. Some time even the R.-S. requires overhaul and a spare part. Hence this note of the firm's new premises.

***

My Lord the Elephant

"SOME motorists have to endure worse things than punctures and police-traps on the Brighton Road," writes friend Mackle, manager of the Overland. Don't I know it? I've never been charged by a rogue elephant on the Mysore-Nilgiri road (which is the experience Mr. Mackle's letter covers), but I've run into a Kerry cow (which isn't exactly a joke), I've been tossed underneath a coal-cart (which is a most undignified proceeding), I've sat out a night of sleet alongside a car with a collapsed wheel about ten miles from nowhere (which is not a tonic); and a few odds and ends of other things which are quite a lot worse than punctures and police traps. But these do not affect the point and interest of this story of an elephant charge, which only the speed and strength of the 15-20 h.p Overland defeated. The tusker made all sorts of attempts to get at the car and occupants, but by jumping a drain all out, the car got by. Motorists passing between Bandipur and Thapakadu are therefore and hereby warned to go armed in case this anti-motoring mammoth should still be around.

C.A.V. CAR LIGHTING.—Lights up everything on the road. British throughout. Complete Dynamo lighting set for Light Cars, £22 5s. Write for Brochure. C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

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THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 640.—Vol. XLIX. Wednesday, March 8, 1916. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE chief place left to us for the moment as the mirror for *modes* is the stage. And it is a real relaxation to study the changes that are coming about under these enlivening auspices. The fact that for general wear these fashions must perforce hang fire a little has nothing to do with the case. At the moment they may be viewed, and profitably viewed, entirely from an artistic standpoint. And it is in that spirit that we must approach them.

The Dresses in "My Lady Frayle"

When all the company is on the stage at the Shaftesbury there is a very riot of colour, some of the dresses being rather garish when picked out individually, but, on the other hand, falling artistically into the general scheme. One particularly dainty little gown, that stood out despite its delicacy, was of *dimanté tulle*, arranged in three flounces over shell-pink, a close-fitting, slightly draped little corsage of the pink being upheld over one shoulder only by a *bretelle* and leaf of mock diamonds. Another supremely telling dress of a rather extreme order was a vivid green satin with draperies that at the back fell very loose and free of black *tulle*, handsomely embroidered in gold. The skirt of a dainty little lavender taffeta had the hem disposed in points, each one weighted with a long pearl tassel. Another immensely effective frock was of flame-coloured *charmeuse*, trimmed with a loop gold fringe, and an oriental blue sash. This was almost barbaric. In the same scene Miss Cecily Debenham wears a dainty evening gown of emerald-green *tulle*, a very fussy bunchy little affair, with a bodice mainly consisting of nothingness, and no sleeves. In fact, it almost requires a strong microscope to discover a back to her bodice at all.

A "LADY FRAYLE" TOILETTE

One of the dresses worn by Miss Irene Brown, who is playing the title rôle in the new musical play, "My Lady Frayle," which was successfully produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre last Wednesday, when, owing to indisposition, her part was played by Miss Margot Joyce.

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Panniers and Pèlerines

In the second scene Miss Irene Brown wears the toilette pictured, of champagne chiffon, trimmed with lines of taffeta, mounted over jade green. Another most successful design from a spectacular point of view is a green and white striped taffeta, which has delightful pannier *mouvements* either side, and is crowned by what is evidently *le dernier cri* in hats, or, rather, toques, of green silk, the crown a veritable *soufflée* of ribbon loops.

I specially loved, too, a putty-coloured *charmeuse*, the simple little corsage softened with lace of the same delicate hue, and worn with narrow braces of black silk ribbon, passed through slots in front. The hat with this was adorable, straight brimmed, with a great sweeping tail feather passed round the crown.

Among a special troupe of six or seven pretty girls, known in the play as "The Sisters," there is one who wears a rose-petal pink taffeta, the skirt in front arranged in full pleats, and, like an apron, finished with pockets, while the back is all bunched up in a pannier to show a soft flounced petticoat of white muslin and lace. Long sleeves of white organdi finished the pink taffeta bodice, the waist of which was defined by two narrow white bands. The accompanying hat is rather on Dolly Varden lines, with an uplifted back. Two small *pèlerines* were the distinctive feature of another pale, almost imperceptible pink taffeta, a pretty demure frock that many a girl will long to possess.

Coloured Organdi

As so frequently happens with the small details of dress, a considerable amount of interest centres round coloured organdi. The delicate flesh-pink we know, but it has not been easy to buy until quite recently. However, enterprising spirits have gone a step further, and are offering the most enchanting range of *nuances*, prominent among which comes an old-world lavender, periwinkle-blue, ochre, and *beige*. The one thing it is forbidden us to wear in the way of neck fitment is

(*Continued on page* x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded from page* ix)

white organdi. Little collars as fragile as mist, upright collars, shaped cape collars—quite appreciable adornments—in fact, every conceivable diversity of collar may be worn provided it is in a colour. And for the moment, at least, coloured organdi is out of the reach of the populace by reason of the cost. We are not quite as *au fait* with dyes as we doubtless shall be later. It is, therefore, something in the light of a triumph that coloured organdi obtains at all. And to the majority it is infinitely more becoming than dead white.

Picturesque Bridal Raiment

On the occasion of the marriage on Wednesday last at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Captain the Hon. T. G B. Grenville-Gavin, to Miss St. John Murphy, the bride, wore a gown of *tulle*, embroidered with silver roses and orange blossoms, over an underdress of silver tissue. The train was of silver brocade, lined with shell pink chiffon and ermine fur, and trimmed with knots and tassels of silver. On her departure for the honeymoon the bride wore an ivory cloth gown and short tippet with a large ermine stole and muff, her hat being of *tête-de-nègre*, trimmed with two paradise plumes. The entire *trousseau*, including the bridal gown and pages' suits, was supplied by Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

The Purse of To-Day

Among the many combinations of Treasury note-cases now obtainable, one of the most practical is a note-case letter-wallet made by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139 and 141, Regent Street, W. The price of this novelty in fine seal leather is 15*s*., or with flexible silver-gilt mounts 30*s*. It makes a most suitable gift for a gentleman. Another idea of Wilson and Gill's is a solid pigskin case made to take notes folded into four, with a ring attachment and a clip fastening; it is very small and compact—just the thing for the waistcoat pocket. The price is 7*s*. 6*d*. For a lady, a quarter-size note-case in fine seal leather, combined with a purse for silver, with flexible silver gilt mounts, is a useful possession, the price being 12*s*. 6*d*. A gold monogram can be supplied to either of these articles at an extra cost of 15*s*.

A Meal in a Mouthful

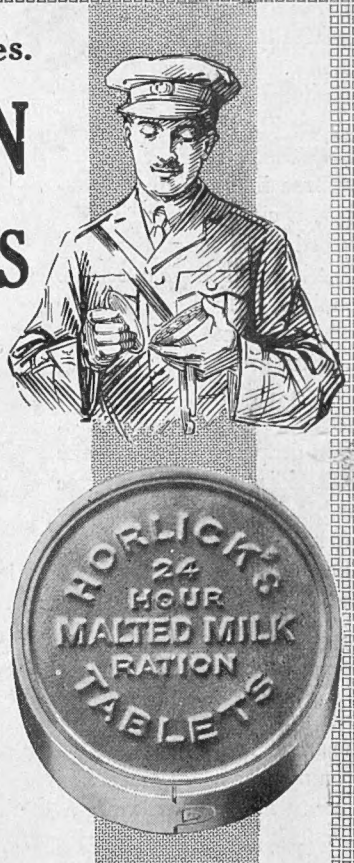
A neat and compact 24-hour ration of Horlick's Malted Milk tablets has recently been produced, which has been purchased heavily by the War Office. It is a flat, round, air-tight tin, 3⅜ins. in diameter by ⅞in. deep, weighing only 7ozs, and containing eighty Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets in three neatly arranged layers. From ten to twenty of these delicious food tablets, dissolved in the mouth as required, supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and one tin, therefore, provides all the nutrition necessary to maintain strength and vigour for twenty-four hours, even when other food is unobtainable.

A Correction

In our issue of February 23, on page 362, we published as an adjunct to an article entitled "Gardening in War-Time," an illustration of the half-hardy annual known as *Browallia Grandiflora*, which we erroneously described as a product of the nurseries of Messrs. Merryweather, of Southwell, Notts, whereas in fact the plant illustrated was grown from seed supplied by Messrs. Ryder and Son, the well-known seed specialists, of St. Albans. It was chosen for illustration as being one of the choicest of the many hardy and half-hardy annuals in which this firm deals and makes, moreover, a splendid pot-plant for indoor decoration at all seasons of the year. Messrs. Merryweather, to whom it was wrongly ascribed, specialise, of course, mainly in roses, fruit trees, and shrubs.

For Members of the Expeditionary Forces.

HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS



A round air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how *many* ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to *every* soldier!

Send one to YOUR Soldier to-day.

— Price 1/6 each —

Now obtainable of Chemists.

If your Chemist cannot supply, we will send a tin post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State with which Expeditionary Force your soldier is serving.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

NORVIC SHOES FOR LADIES

Stamped on the Sole

For the Spring.

Patent Coltskin
N81.
16/9

Ask for 'NORVIC'

Norvic means Shoes—Shoes of a distinctive type, made of fine supple leathers with light flexible soles, and made with the experience of 70 years shoe-making behind them. Perfectly made and dainty to wear.

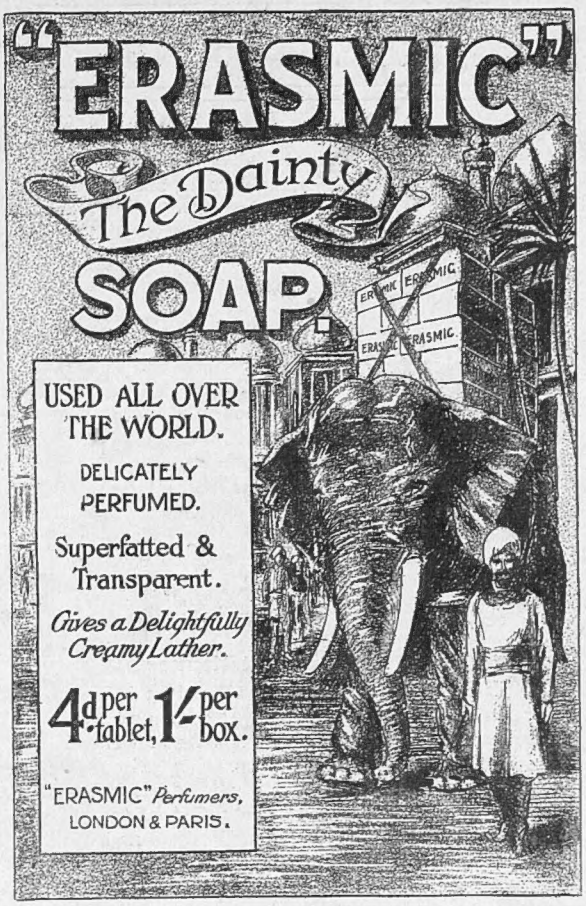
Matron or Maid's Shoe.

Glacé Kid
N43
16/9

The shoes illustrated show the scope of the Norvic range. Every taste is considered. Write for booklet of styles and name of nearest agent. Norvic Shoe Co., Norwich (Howlett and White, Ltd.)

"ERASMIC"

The Dainty SOAP



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DELICATELY PERFUMED.

Superfatted & Transparent.

Gives a Delightfully Creamy Lather.

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CHIGNONS TO ORDER IN ANY DESIGN FROM 10/9

TRANSFORMATIONS in any style **30/-,** *or Extra Full of Hair* **2** *and* **3 Guineas.**

Extra is charged for Light, Grey, Pale and Auburn Shades.

Switches of Pure Human Hair.

A PATTERN OF HAIR AND REMITTANCE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

16 ins. **2/9**
18 ins. **3/6**
20 ins. **5/-**
22 ins. **7/6**
24 ins. **12/6**
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28 ins. **21/-**
Any length to order.

THIS PRETTY TOUPET, *Only* **21/6** *Smaller Size,* **15/6**

THE NEW PUFF CURLS
MOST BECOMING & DAINTY EFFECT.
PRICES ACCORDING TO SIZE.
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LUNCHEONS, TEAS AND DINNERS.

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PURE 2/10, 3/10. BLEND 2/7, 3/4, 4/4 Per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining and Co., Ltd., London and Andrew Melrose and Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

THE MENU

MACARONI AND SPAGHETTI

With the present high price of meat, it is necessary, especially in households where there are large families, to economise by using cereals, such as macaroni and spaghetti. Of course, the import of these from Italy is limited, but a large amount comes from Canada, so there should be no difficulty in obtaining either. The following recipes for cooking may be useful.

Macaroni and Tongue Croquettes

Boil, in plenty of salted water, 4 oz. of macaroni for twenty minutes, drain, and cut it into dice-shaped pieces. Chop rather coarsely 2 oz. of cooked tongue. Heat this up in a gill of well-seasoned tomato sauce, then add the macaroni with 2 oz. of grated cheese. Season with salt and pepper, then stir the mixture well over the fire, and spread on a dish to cool. When cold, shape into the size of a cork. Brush over with beaten egg and roll in bread-crumbs. Fry the croquettes in hot fat to a golden brown, dish up, and garnish with fried parsley. They can be served plain or with tomato sauce.

Macaroni à l'Italienne

Cook 3 oz. of macaroni or spaghetti in boiling salted water for twenty minutes, drain it well, and put it into a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter. Season well with salt and white pepper, and stir in 3 oz. of grated cheese; turn the macaroni lightly and quickly with a fork until the cheese is well mixed, then stir in sufficient tomato sauce to moisten it, and when this is well mixed and quite hot, serve at once. This makes an excellent savoury. For a change, the macaroni can be put into a shallow fire-proof dish and some white breadcrumbs covering the surface, on which small pieces of butter should be laid. This must be put in a good oven and baked until a golden brown.

Macaroni Quenelle

Take 1 oz. of macaroni, 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, and cayenne, 2 oz. of melted butter, and two spoonfuls of chopped ham; boil the macaroni for twenty minutes, cut it into small pieces, boil the milk, and pour over the breadcrumbs, and let soak for five minutes, add the macaroni, eggs, melted butter, and ham, put all into a well-buttered mould, and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Spaghetti and Mushrooms

Boil some spaghetti with a little salt and drain off the water. Slice and cook some mushrooms in butter, and boil a tomato with a pinch of salt. Place in a saucepan the spaghetti with grated cheese (about 2 oz.), and then put in the prepared mushrooms. Add 2 oz. of butter, and stir well altogether over the fire. Turn out and arrange the spaghetti on a silver dish, and just before serving pour over it the juice of the tomato, which has been rubbed through a sieve. Serve hot.

Spaghetti a l'Indienne

Make a curry sauce as follows: Chop one onion and three small apples very finely, and put them in a stewpan with 2 oz. of butter, and stew gently till it becomes a smooth paste. Add one tablespoonful of flour and the same of curry-powder, well mixed together, put it with the other ingredients, and stir gently over the fire. Add sufficient stock or water to moisten it well (about a pint). Parboil about 6 ozs. of spaghetti, and when partly cooked remove it, drain, and finish cooking it in the curry sauce. Serve very hot.

EMILIA

Flat Case for 30 Cigarettes

THIS IS THE OFFICERS' CIGARETTE CASE

ESTABLISHED 1805 CROSS LONDON

THE "CROSS" SERVICE CASE is a neat, strong, thin magazine to hold a full day's average supply of cigarettes. It is entirely new and no other suits the soldier's needs so well. Hitherto soldiers have found a difficulty in carrying enough cigarettes for the day in good condition.

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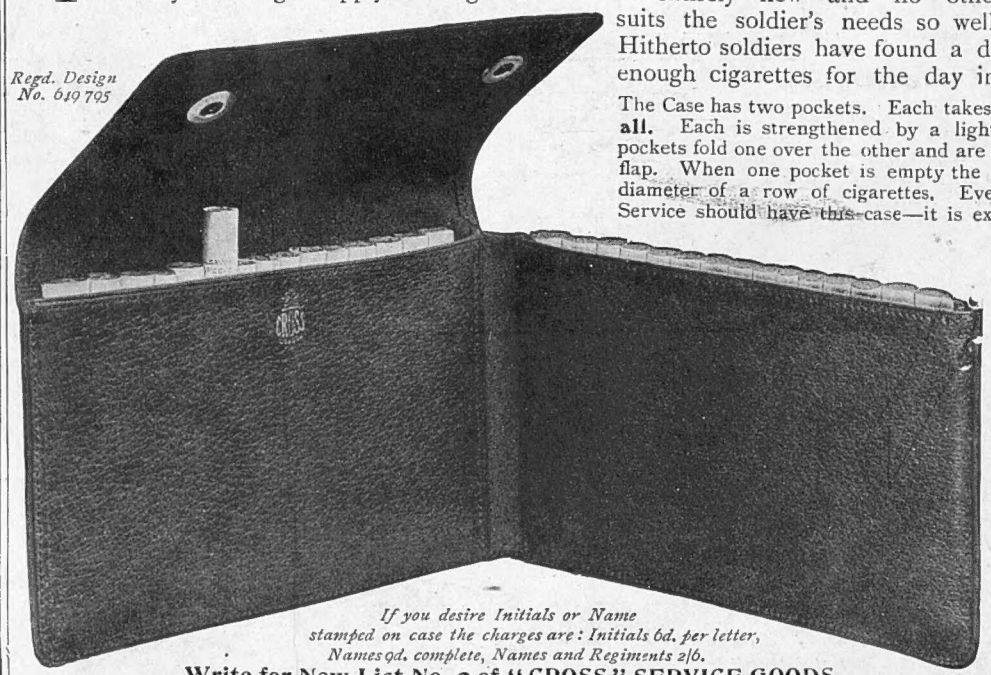

The Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—**30 in all.** Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty the case is thinner by the diameter of a row of cigarettes. Every Soldier on Active Service should have this case—it is exactly what is wanted.

OFFICERS' CASE. special superior quality in fine pigskin, lined calf skin, very light and compact.

Size, 5¾ ins. × 3¾ ins.

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SOLDIERS' CASE, same design and style as above. In pigskin, lined leather.

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Delivered free in the U.K. Registered post abroad 8d.

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